JOHN BULL

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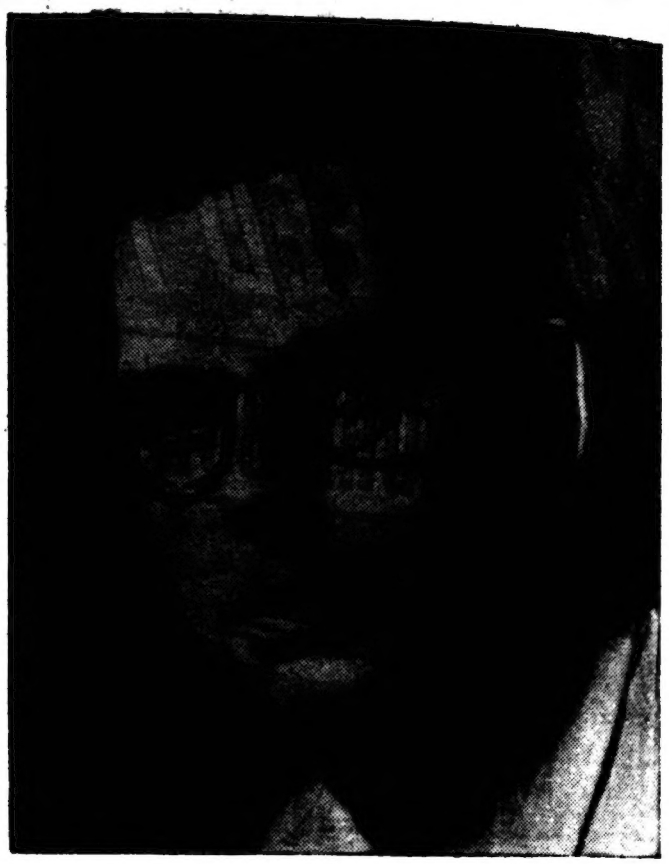

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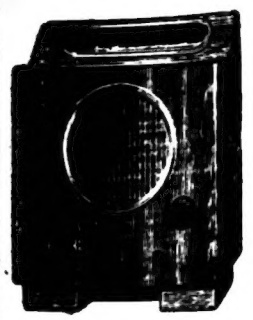

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 23, 1939. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

WE MOUNT GUARD

THIS paper is British and proud of it. Throughout "the Great War," which started twenty-five years ago, it worked for victory and mounted guard for justice. Now that a greater war has been forced upon us, "John Bull" mounts guard again in the same cause.

We believe in the British Empire and the men and women who have made it great.

We pledge ourselves to work with them unceasingly until the power of our enemies is broken, and reason and justice and the rule of law are re-established.

WE will support all lawful authority and accept all necessary sacrifice, but we will not be muzzled.

In war or in peace we shall continue to expose injustice, denounce jobbery, and fight humbug.

Our mottos are unchanged. "Without fear or favour" we shall demand "for the people—the right to justice and truth."

We believe in sound views and honest news. We believe in helping the under-dog. We believe in the right of all men to work and work's just reward. And we believe in healthy sport.

We have always been the Service-man's champion, and now, more than ever, we shall zealously watch over the interests of members of the fighting Services or home defence. And, whenever necessary, we will help the authorities to the utmost of our power.

WITH charity to all and malice to none, we shall yet be merciless to the profiteer and the shirker and the bungler.

And we will spare no effort to live up to our proudest boast: "If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so."

For, in this war, Great Britain is fighting for truth and justice, and, in such a cause, her victory is certain.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

New Headache for Nazis

AS Hitler turns from battered Poland to deal with our Western onslaught, he must wonder uneasily whether he is not leaving the riches of Eastern Europe—for which he really went to war—to be snapped up by his strange new friend, Stalin.

Certainly, Russia's swift move on the bloodstained chess-board means that Germany's task in Poland is finished the quicker; but Hitler dare not yet take his eyes off the East because he knows no more than we do about Stalin's real intentions.

Self First

Russia to-day no longer thinks internationally. Under Stalin, she has become one of the most determinedly nationalistic States in the world.

Don't bother to wonder, then, whether Russia is really pro-Hitler or anti-Hitler.

She is only pro-Russian.

We've Started Well

Quicker than some of us thought Britain and France must face the full weight of their task on the Western Front.

Be thankful that a fine start has been made. Britain is already doing far better than any of us had reason to expect.

The Whole Truth

JOHN BULL means that. It is pledged to tell you the facts; you will find no "everything in the garden is lovely" nonsense in these columns.

On the other hand, we are not disposed to listen to those Jeremiahs who are grumbling that "Britain has been at war for nearly three weeks and done nothing worth talking about."

Going Strong

What on earth do these fools imagine? That this country, powerful though it is, can win a mighty campaign in a few days? If they do, their relatives should call in a doctor.

We'll tell you what our fighting forces have done in less than three weeks—just in case you've forgotten.

Steel Walls

The Navy has shown its teeth. It has sunk U-boats, laid its net so wide that the submarine menace has already been virtually defeated—as an expert tells you on page 10.

There will be a few casualties. That's inevitable.

In the first week of the war we lost eight merchant ships. That was bad. But in the first week of the last war we lost forty-two ships.

And JOHN BULL predicts that the casualty list will progressively decline.

The Senior Service has also clamped down the blockade that, in the last war, brought Germany to her knees.

Quick Work

It is already working the intricate organisation known as the convoy system. Last time, three years went by before that system was evolved. This time, it's been done in a fortnight.

Not so bad.

Hot Waters

The R.A.F. has, by repeated bombings, made a mess of the heavily fortified island of Sylt—behind which the German Navy is cowering.

It has made long and wholly successful flights over wide areas of Germany to scatter millions of leaflets.

It has, besides, done valuable reconnaissance work.

Busy Boys in Blue

Our airmen have been as busy on the Western Front; not only preparing for a great offensive, but stopping German reinforcements from reaching the Siegfried Line.

And we can tell you this without giving official secrets away—that the creation of an R.A.F. organisation in France has been done so well as to deserve the description of "perfect."

All Correct

But that goes for the Army, too. Our troops are moving up, transport and supplies have been arranged much more efficiently than might be presumed from the scraps of information doled out in official news bulletins.

Tell Us More!

Maybe home officialdom will realise in time that efficiency in news service is as necessary as efficiency in the field.

Only fools can fail to understand why the public couldn't be told that our troops were being taken over to France.

But now the lads are there, and will fight as gallantly as their fathers did, the public must be told how they are faring.

Bellowing Mountain

As for British "high policy," we have no criticism of that. The new firmness in the Government's attitude must make even Goering realise that we shall fight on until a just peace is obtainable.

Goering, the Bellowing Mountain, can be relied on to make another "Peace at the Nazi price" offer in the near future.

Worn-Out Nazis

For we believe the French Minister of Finance is right in asserting that Germany is already largely worn out—financially and economically.

So, though our Government is wisely preparing for a three years' war, though we must face a grim struggle, we know that German defeat is inevitable.

Just a Glimmer

Now for the Home Front. Here, JOHN BULL has strong criticism to make.

Britain's black-out is effective. Too effective, judging by the road casualties.

So the new concessions for pedestrians and motorists are wise.

But there is still reckless driving at night. It must be stopped.

Police have enough to do, we know. But dangerous drivers have got to be rounded up and jailed without the option of a fine.

Too Risky

We are infuriated, also, by a motor journal which advises drivers not to bother about headlights.

"It is quite easy," says this doubtful authority, "to maintain speed at night with only the smallest sidelights, as you will find if you try."

Yes, at the expense of other people's lives!

White for Safety

But pedestrians invite disaster. How many have the sense to wear a white armlet—a handkerchief will do—as officialdom suggests?

A reader advocates a luminous button for every walker. We pass on the idea and remind you that luminous paint can be bought for a few pence at any store.

(Continued overleaf)

We Get Whitehall into Action

Most evacuated youngsters are happy in their new country life. But their parents have complaints which "John Bull" is remedying

Rent Worries

Next, a word about rent and rates.

The official notice regarding house mortgages is not sufficiently clear to the general public. Nor should it be left to a few kindly magistrates to advise worried Servicemen that, if they can't continue to pay the rent, the landlord must go to the courts before their families can be turned out.

Take Heart

A full and plain statement covering the whole question of mortgage repayment, rent and rates should be issued at once. But we can meanwhile give you this assurance: that if you cannot meet your liabilities because of war circumstances, your landlord is powerless. Nor may he now put in the bailiffs without a Court order—so one JOHN BULL demand has been met!

Squandermania Again

Again, we have evidence already of squandermania in many directions. We want to know, for instance, why police pensioners, joining up again in this emergency, are allowed to draw pay and pension too.

Full-time work deserves full-time pay, whoever does it, but no pensioner ought to be paid twice over.

Full Pay—for Some

Moreover, some firms are wealthy enough to continue to pay full or part wages to men called up. Others cannot possibly do so.

It may not be an easy task to ensure that sacrifices are evenly spread. But it must be tackled.

Peace-Makers

We give full marks to the London County Council, however, for sending "peace-makers" to smooth out evacuation difficulties. On the whole, as we said last week, evacuation has worked well. But there are bound to be some troubles arising from the greatest exodus in our history.

THE ONLY NATIONAL PAPER TO OFFER READERS FREE FAMILY INSURANCE

Register Now!
Form on Page 27

Punish Them!

A few householders are not giving their guests a fair deal. They are being rounded up by local authorities. Where necessary, they should be brought before the Bench

A few children are still sleeping in haylofts. For that, local authorities are responsible and must be censured.

Ruffians

Candidly, some of the worst troubles are due to the evacuees themselves.

Young ruffians who turn their new homes into bear-gardens. Mothers who are withdrawing their children because they are expected to be civil to their hosts; who retort, "Garn, you're being paid for it!"

You know the type. And you can't expect people to tolerate the ruin of their furniture and family life.

Here, too, local authorities must act—and without fear of arousing resentment among an ill-mannered minority.

Public Subsidy

One other point. Some districts are swamped with secondary school boys—well-behaved youths of sixteen and seventeen.

The official allowance of 10s. each is hardly enough to keep their robust appetites satisfied, to say nothing of washing, lighting and other costs.

Yet many of these lads have well-off parents, who come down at week-ends to take them for car rides.

That, too, is an example of "unequal sacrifice" which must be ended.

Hardships

Nearly everywhere, there's been overcrowding because householders willing to take a few children have received whole families.

People who volunteered to accept evacuees have been refused the grants paid to those who were compulsorily placed on the evacuation register.

JOHN BULL has received an official guarantee that both these hardships will be put right at once.

Just Dumped

Again, inmates of evacuated poor law and mental institutions have been dumped on the doorsteps of their distant relatives, many of whom are too poor to care for aged and infirm patients.

Here, too, JOHN BULL has thrashed out the matter—and something will be done at once.

Well Done!

But let us give praise where it's due. Despite the sudden stresses of war, most authorities are not merely functioning well but showing generosity that would be notable even in peace.

A Middlesex boy, suffering from tuberculosis, has had to be brought home from a sanatorium. Last week county officials inspected the house; this week, a revolving sun-hut has been erected in the garden for him, and his parents told that if they haven't a camp bed suitable for him one will be provided.

Business as Usual

The public, too, must live up to the slogan, "Business as Usual." And if we're ever tempted to become despondent, we might do worse than remember that our worries are naught compared to those of one man—a man without hope, a man without a future.

His name, of course, is Hitler.

Make Sure!

To make certain of getting your copy of JOHN BULL next week, you are strongly advised to place a regular order with your newsagent as soon as possible.

Because of the restriction of paper supplies, copies for casual sales will not always be available.

Avoid disappointment by placing a regular order with your newsagent now.

AND THE WORLD SAYS...

United States

"It is particularly the moment to pay a tribute to the personal leadership of Mr. Chamberlain. Certainly the British people, and the French people with the British, cannot fail to have derived strength and inspiration from the quality of the leadership which they have had. In this respect their position is fundamentally different from that of the German people."—*New York Times.*

"American sympathies are distinctly with the European democracies."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Two voices spoke across the world on Saturday. One was that of Goering, who bombastically proclaimed again the great gospel of naked force . . . the other was that of the British War Cabinet, which announced simply that it was working on the assumption that the war would last three years or more. As an answer it was as complete as it was quiet."—*New York Herald-Tribune.*

Japan

"We doubt whether Hitler would have taken action against Poland if he had really believed that it would lead to war with Britain."—*Yomiuri Shimbun, Tokio.*

Arabs

"In the forefront of the nations which the reckless arrogance of Germany has arrayed against herself marches Britannia, upholding principles of civilisation and humanity, and enjoying the support of three-quarters of the world."—*Falastin, Jerusalem.*

New York Times

Switzerland

"Germany cannot win the struggle. There is no doubt of the Allies' superiority in military force, strategic positions, and resources of every description."—*La Liberte, Zurich.*

"If Hitler succeeds in maintaining his régime of force in the economic field, the strain on Germany will be tremendous. In France and England small sacrifices will suffice to bring large returns."—*Thurgauer Zeitung.*

Rumania

"France and England honour their pledged word. In Europe, menaced afresh and seeing unfurled upon her the violence of barbarism, France and England, in declaring war to honour the pledge given to Poland, carry out an ancient tradition that has made the moral and political greatness of their nations."—*Independance Roumaine, Bucharest.*

Italy

"The Allied navies have an overwhelming superiority over Germany in the present war. The British Empire has bases in every ocean, but the present vital zone is the North Sea, where England has excellent position.

"She commands the whole of North Europe, and her southern bases control the Channel. Germany is in a difficult position, as only her undersea forces can operate normally."—*Capt. Maugeri, of the Italian Navy, in Il Messagero, Rome.*

"The present period of apparent British and French inactivity is justified and comprehensible, since preparation is needed to attack the Siegfried Line."

"It is inadmissible to criticise ironically the British and French armed forces, commands and combatants." — *Resto Del Carlino, Bologna.*

(A few days earlier the same journal, *Resto Del Carlino*, wrote of a possible mediation by the Duce in the near future, "which the Allies had better accept or perish.")

A. G. Gardiner, "The Man who was Right"

Predicts with certainty—

HITLER'S DOOM

Behind the Polish fighters were ranked the full forces of world opinion

THE world stands appalled before the unspeakable ruin that has befallen Poland. Whatever the motives of Russia, her stab in the back to that brave country has settled its immediate doom.

But this culminating horror of the Terror will seal Hitler's doom, too. At whatever cost this homicidal maniac will be destroyed.

It is for this reason that I rejoice at the stern, reiterated insistence of the spokesmen of the Peace Front on the keynote of the struggle: **No Peace with Hitler.**

The note was struck by Mr. Chamberlain on the memorable Sunday morning when he announced that we were at war.

It has been sounded with equal firmness by M. Daladier.

And when Goering made his clumsy and bombastic bid for peace last week the immediate answer of our Government was a blunt, determined reiteration of **No Peace with Hitler.**

We cannot insist on this too often or drive it home too relentlessly.

It is the destruction of Hitlerism to which we are committed and until we have accomplished that destruction there can be no thought of peace.

We are prepared to discuss peace with Germany to-morrow, but it must be a Germany that has cleansed itself of the criminal conspiracy against the freedom of mankind which has plunged the world in war.

IT MUST BE WITH A GOVERNMENT THAT ACCEPTS THE STANDARDS OF CIVILISED SOCIETY, NOT WITH A NEST OF THUGS

WITH them we have said our last word of appeasement.

For them we have no language except the brute force that they alone understand

To them we say: **No Peace with Hitler.**

"Any body of free men that compounds with the present German Government is compounding for its own destruction."

Those words were used by President Wilson in 1918. They were true then, but how much more are they true to-day.

The Germany of the Kaiser was consumed with as insatiable an appetite for world conquest as the Germany of Hitler is.

But it observed some of the sanctions of civilised life. It paid lip-service at least to the laws of nations.

It had not renounced all the moralities of the Christian world. It had not persecuted, plundered and murdered its own citizens.

It had not descended like a ravening wolf upon the helpless peoples on its borders or set up the doctrine that anything it could seize by force belonged to it by the divine right of force.

Seen by the lurid light of to-day, seen by contrast with the murderous gangsters that insult the earth now, it was almost a civilised Power.

But when the end came, we did not "compound" with the authors of that vast tragedy. We did not make peace with the Kaiser or the Kaiser's Government.

We should have done so in no case. But the German people settled the problem themselves.

They turned and flung the whole Hohenzollern dynasty in the dust.

Its last representative lingers in exile to await the doom of the megalomaniac who, with incredibly more ferocity, has sought once more to make Germany the mistress of the world, and himself the universal tyrant.

IN ceaselessly insisting on the destruction of Hitlerism as the keynote of the war, we do two things.

We strike at Hitler in his most vulnerable spot.

He is fighting, not on two fronts only, but on three.

He has not finished with Poland in the East. He has not yet faced the terrific challenge in the West. And he has his war on the Home Front.

Consider the facts. Hitler is not, like the Kaiser, the ruler of Germany by hereditary right. Nor is he the ruler of Germany by elective right.

He has never commanded a majority of the votes of the people in a free election.

HE IS THE RULER OF GERMANY BECAUSE HE CONQUERED GERMANY BY THE SAME DEVILISH TRICKS THAT HE CONQUERED AUSTRIA AND CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

And he has consolidated his conquest by terror. He has created a cleavage in the nation that nothing can bridge.

Half the people dwell in daily fear of the other half.

The Fatherland to them has lost all its meaning. It has become a dreadful prison of the human soul.

Many of the finest spirits have fled to escape the concentration camps or worse. But the mass of them are there dumbly waiting till the tyranny is overpast.

In the horrible dilemma with which the war faces them we must all sympathise.

They are between the devil and the deep sea —between a victory for Germany, which would establish Hitler's hideous tyranny over them for ever, and a defeat of Germany, which, after all, is the land they love.

In this dilemma the inflexible "No Peace with Hitler" will come like a message of deliverance.

It explains that we are not at war with the sane and rational Germany that lives or dies under the Terror, but with the evil system that embodies the Terror.

FOR when we say "No Peace with Hitler," we mean no peace with the unholy gang and hellish system of which the perjured Hitler is the centre.

No peace with fire-raising Goering, with the venomous guttersnipe Goebbels, with the loathsome Himmler, or the vile Ribbentrop.

It is not enough to destroy the mad dog. We must destroy the whole pack. We must crush not only Hitler, but the whole ghastly gospel of Hitlerism.

We must crush it with such finality that it will perish not only in Germany but wherever the rule of lawless violence has lifted its head.

With "No Peace with Hitler" as our unalterable purpose the enslaved victims of the Terror will see in the war, not the doom of Germany, but the liberation of Germany from the soul-destroying monster that has made her the universal enemy of mankind.

As this is realised, Hitler's war on the Home Front will be intensified, and in the end it will be the German people who will destroy him.

That is the goal we have to aim at.

The importance of insisting on it at the outset is illustrated by the experience of 1918.

I have quoted the words President Wilson used then, and Mr. Lloyd George has recorded in his War Memoirs the electrical effect on the German people of the decision that there could be no peace with the criminal government that had brought them to ruin.

Within a month the Kaiser had abdicated and fled—fled from the anger of his own people.

And the second reason for making the destruction of Hitlerism the first plank in our war programme is no less urgent.

It is the effect this insistence has on world opinion, which will be the greatest moral factor in the struggle.

The concentration of our attack on Hitler rather than upon Germany lifts the conflict to the plane of ideas.

It is a conflict that will decide whether civilisation or barbarism, the rule of law or the rule of violence, is to prevail in the affairs of men, not in Europe only, but over the earth.

HITLER has challenged the whole conception of freedom, humanity, and the civilised intercourse of nations. He substitutes for the reign of reason, compromise and good will, the right to drive his Juggernaut car of brute force over all the achievements of the ages.

In outlawing this perjured maniac, in naming him as the Enemy No. 1 of the human race, we mobilise the sentiments of the whole civilised world in our cause.

From the East Indies to the West and from hemisphere to hemisphere, the cry goes up in swelling volume:

NO PEACE WITH HITLER!

Voice of the People

THIS, I think, would stop the war: Let the neutrals form a peace block tribunal which will ask the belligerents to proclaim an immediate armistice, during which their cases will be presented for judgment.

Let that International Court examine the evidence and make their awards, even to the extent of readjusting frontiers—each nation loyally to support and accept such judgment.

In other words, settle it on a principle of give and take.—William Francis, Leaventhorpe Lane, Thornton, Bradford.

Says Reader Francis: "Each nation loyally to support and accept such judgment." But Hitler will accept anything, till it suits him to betray his promises. There can be no give and take while Hitler believes only in taking—taking whatever he wants, whoever owns it, no matter what the means.

Fit for a Kick

They sat in a train from Trent to Derby—the man about twenty-five, the woman about twenty. And they held hands.

Said the man, if man he could be called: "Aren't we glad we didn't marry three months ago? You can always depend on a war making second-hand furniture dirt cheap, what with the people thrown out of work and so on. We'll get a home for next to nothing, if we stick out about price."

I opened the window. The atmosphere made me feel sick.—M. C., Melton Mowbray.

Shocking the Village

It is reported that the police had to be sent for to deal with a group of drunk and disorderly women evacuated to our local villages from various big cities. It seems disgraceful that such things could be.

Rowdiness is unheard of in our quiet country places.—E. M., Wrington, Somerset.

We'd like to think the war produced no greater hardship than that.

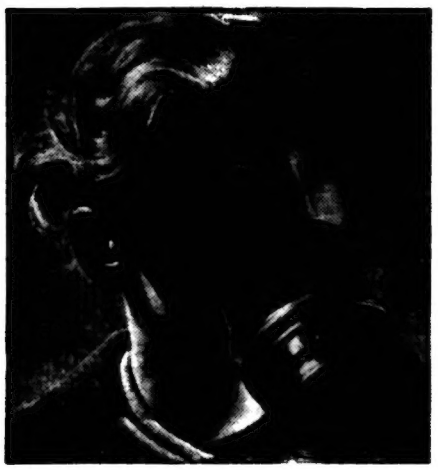
No Apology

"The Rightest Man." Yes, every reader of JOHN BULL will agree that "A. G. G." has a prophetic outlook.

Yet a few months ago you were most scathing in your criticism of those who held the same point of view as "A. G. G."—that war was inevitable.

You can't have it both ways, JOHN.—I. D. Rosser, Vicar of Trelech, Perrypont, Carmarthen.

Our editorial view, at that time, was that war was not inevitable. We shall never feel ashamed of that kind of optimism. As to having it both ways—JOHN BULL contributors are free to express their own opinions. We often differ from their views. But we don't think Mr. Rosser will regard that as wrong.



What would happen if she had to hold her breath for an hour?

Tongue-Tying

Scandal-mongers, rumour-mongers and the like, who are a pestilential evil in normal times, become a dangerous menace during war.

To stop them, do as I do. Hand every rumour-monger a pad and pencil with a request that the rumour shall be put in writing and signed. I have yet to find one such pest who is willing to oblige.—R. Antonio Martinez, St. John's Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.

D.O.R.A. makes rumour-mongering an offence punishable with imprisonment or a fine.

Light Relief

After a week of war I picked up my JOHN BULL and turned to my favourite page, "Voice of the People."

Imagine my intense relief and unbounded joy to discover a complete absence of war topics. I don't know if it was deliberate, but, if it was, then thank goodness for a sensible and understanding head somewhere.

Again I say: "Thanks for the break."—S. Hobster, William Street, Stoney-gravels, Chesterfield.

The above is typical of thirty-seven letters of thanks. In a way it was our readers' idea—not ours. Two-thirds of their letters made no mention of war. With their co-operation we'll give you a few more "Let's-have-a-holiday-from-it-all" pages.

Home-Finder

As the mother of a grown-up son and daughter I would point out that the blackout has done for my household what no amount of parental persuasion has ever achieved.

The children come home early—and are finding that home-life is something to be enjoyed.

Some parents will be seeing their children in the old-fashioned family circle for the first time.—Mrs. W. P. Scholey, Park Grove, Bramley, Rotherham.

Not Likely!

Listening to the German broadcast to British listeners to-day, I was amused to hear the announcer's parting words: "Good-night, everybody. I hope you will have a good night's rest."

I trust the people responsible for our air defences do not take such statements seriously.—Miss O. Turner, Bishop's Way, E.2.

Would She Burst?

How much money has the Government spent on teaching A.R.P.? Yet consider this conversation which I heard yesterday:

Woman No. 1: "I do hope I never have to wear my gas-mask. Isn't breathing in it unpleasant?"

Woman No. 2: "Oh, my dear, you mustn't try to breathe into it. You'll fill it with used-up air. You have to hold your breath. Didn't you know?"—Edith Best, St. Helen's Road, Bolton, Lancs.

Incidentally, breathing in a gas-mask comes easy with practice.

Lights Out

There were no stringent restrictions as to the blacking-out of windows in the last war.

Electric light and gas companies warned the public of an air raid by dipping the lights three times. Then out went the lights.

If anybody went on using any other sort of illuminant the special constables soon had them out.—J. E. Watkin, Lower Drive, Besford, near Worcester.

Aeroplanes are speedier. The old system was far too slow. That's only one of many reasons why we use the blackout system, which is based on a study of modern warfare in Spain and elsewhere.

House-Painter Hitler

May I, a house painter, make bitter protest against the implied snobbery behind the frequent remark: "What can you expect of Hitler? He's only a jumped-up house painter."

The Kaiser, who was born to power and high position, made the same mistakes. They will both have to pay the same penalty. So leave my trade entirely out of it!—F. W., Hillmorton Road, Rugby.

Secrets Kept

Twenty years ago an utter bounder disappeared and left a very lovely woman to the mercy of the world.

She met another man, a fine fellow, who rebuilt her ruined world. They have two children. All four together, they are a model family. Everything they do, think and say is clean.

Shall that little world be blown up sky high again for the purposes of a national register? Surely, surely officialdom has some heart.—A. E. C., Seal, Kent.

In this case it has. No official to whom this information is entrusted dare communicate it to any other person. Drastic penalties are provided. There hasn't been a single case known of an official collecting Census information imparting it to other people.

Women's Voice

My husband was called up a week ago. I am trying to piece out how I shall keep home and children on the tiny allowance I shall receive. It is going to be very hard.

But I am going to do it without a grouse, because I believe that there can be no lasting peace until Hitler has been bereft of power.

I shall be proud to make sacrifices in such a cause, and millions of women are thinking the same thing.—Mrs. M. Stephenson, 17, Newcastle Terrace, Framwellgate Moor, Co. Durham.

Mid-Week Pay

Let employers pay people every Thursday for the duration of the war.

It will obviate week-end shopping facilities, which are worse in war time. It will help to keep people off the dark roads on Friday and Saturday nights.

People who collect accounts are terribly handicapped by blackouts, and will become more so as the nights get dark earlier. They will bless such an innovation.—R. C., Ennerdale Drive, Litherland, Liverpool.

● *This is YOUR page—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. *for each letter published and an extra* 10s. 6d. *if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.*

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The Empire is on the Move!

THE Empire is on the move. The way ahead is set,
And all her vast resources are spread like a shining net,
Across the earth and seas and against the sky's vast vault,
As once again She takes up Arms to wipe out an Aggressor's fault.

The Empire is on the move, and the whole world will resound
With the depth of her mighty challenge for a Cause that is profound,
For Freedom that Mankind may once more live at Peace,
And the threat of the Aggressor for ever more may cease.

The Empire is on the move, and not till her task be done,
Will She lay aside her Arms with her Victory well won.
And though the course be long her Endurance is rich and wide
To stand the test of whatever comes till Honour be satisfied.

The Empire is on the move. God speed her as She goes,
To lift the awful ban that turns men into foes.
Then, with her duty done and her Task at its splendid end
The Empire, in a happier world, will call all Men her friend.

The Empire is on the move. God light the course she takes
Through the deep night of sacrifice till the glorious morning breaks,
With Peace in an open sky and the whole world cleansed of fear.
God grant the dawning of that day be to our world quite near!

J. M.

GRIN and BEAR IT!

Let's pack up Herr Goebbels in our old kit-bag
And grin, boys, grin!
While we've the energy to crack a gag,
We'll keep on grinning till we win!
What's the use of worrying?
It always was a sin!
SO—
Pack up your Goebbels in your old kit-bag,
And grin, grin, GRIN!

* * *

IN this column, in order not to anger the Censors, or the Mystery of Information, I shall suppress the names of any places I mention.

I shall refer to all towns as "X"—except, of course, when I think the home team has a better chance, in which case I shall put "I."

* * *

MY VILLAGE—IT IS X MAGNA, IN XSHIRE—IS SO REMOTE FROM CIVILISATION THAT THE AIR RAID WARDENS ARE STILL WEARING OIL-LAMP MASKS.

* * *

FROM the other side of the country—from X, to be exact—comes a report from Gert, my beautiful Continental spy.

It tells of an old lady who heard about the R.A.F. dropping millions of pamphlets on Germany.

"What's pamphlets?" she asked.

"You know—leaflets—bills," they told her.

Her old face took on an expression of scorn.

Our popular contributor "YZ" begins to-day a new feature the object of which—well, that is best explained in the verse with which he begins.

"What's the good of dropping bills on them Germans," she mowed. "I'll bet they won't pay one of 'em."

* * *

Hopeful Herman

As softly as a tiger purring,
I hear the voice of Marshal Goering
Offering perfect peace.
By him the bright idea is mooted
That, when his boss has Poland looted,
From squabbling we should cease.
The gangster, loaded with his swag,
Would fain call it a day (Der Tag);
So asks us nicely not to shoot
And cause a rift within the loot!

* * *

IT is not generally known that radio announcers are urging the B.B.C. to adopt my plan of referring to all towns as "X."

Even if they manage to pronounce some of those Polish towns, they point out, it only sounds like a lot of X's, or a technical hitch.

It is not generally believed, either—even by me, and I thought of it.

Meet Mrs. Belcher

"HOW about this tear gas business? Scarcely playin' the game, what?"

Looking up from striping the front steps with whitewash, I found myself gazing into a shining monocle, behind which was Mrs. Gaga Belcher, widow of Colonel Belcher, of the Gurkhas.

"Er—who's not playing the game?" I enquired.

"Our fellahs. Been droppin' tear gas bombs in Germany."

"Who says so?"

"Mrs. Bott. Says it's in all the Danish papers."

"Why, can Mrs. Bott read Danish?"

"Don't know about that; but I hope it isn't true."

"As a matter of fact," I told her, "it isn't. What happened was that some articles by one of the Sunday Press Emotion Boys got mixed with those leaflets we dropped, and experts tell me they produce exactly the same symptoms as tear gas."

* * *

STOP PRESS: GOERING'S DECLARATION: "IF WE HAVE NO SOAP, THEN WE MUST GO WITH DIRTY HANDS," HAS LED TO PRO-GERMAN DEMONSTRATIONS BY EVACUATED SCHOOLBOYS. UNLESS SIMILARLY REASSURING STATEMENT IS MADE BY GOVERNMENT, IMPOSSIBLE TO GUARANTEE THAT RECEPTION AREAS WILL REMAIN NEUTRAL.

You Can Still be an Optimist!

says E. Roffe Thompson

NEVER before in the history of the world was there a war like this. From the greatest statesman to the meanest peasant, in nearly every country, there is a loathing of war.

Despite the necessities that now confront us—nay, because of them—every civilised people hates war as much as it hates those who have wantonly forced its horrors on the world.

That is something for mankind to have achieved in the short space of twenty years. It is a moral revolution that no one would have dared to prophesy when the last war ended.

It is not the least of Hitler's blunders that he has unleashed against him a world-wide moral tornado no less powerful than the physical storm.

To-day its force is only just emerging from the stunning realisation that the unthinkable has happened. But its force will grow and its power increase until it has smashed for ever the power of any one to do again what Hitler has done.

Far more than human lives are in the melting pot to-day. Ideas are there too.

Never again will any nation trust itself to systems and methods that are not founded on Right and Truth, on Liberty and on Justice. Never again will Force be tolerated as an arbiter in human affairs.

I say roundly that if you think of that, and you can include the bulk of the German people in your thinking, you can start being an optimist right away.

Evolution is a slow thing. It took millions of years to create men. It took thousands of years to create civilisations.

It might have taken thousands of years yet to create a moral ban against Force as an instrument of settling disputes—but it hasn't.

It has taken only a quarter of a century. That's the most hopeful thing in the world to-day.

I know it's difficult, when life has suddenly been shattered, to look at anything calmly; but there is no better anæsthetic for tortured nerves and weary minds.

Now let me turn for a moment to something very practical. Not only *can* you still be an optimist, but it is your *duty* to be an optimist.

I don't mean that you should snatch at straws, believe only what you wish to believe, or refuse to face whatever facts may confront you at the moment.

I mean that it is everyone's first duty—particularly those whose lot it is just to wait—to keep the soul of the nation alive. For when the soul of a nation is deadened, that nation is dead.

We must keep alight the beacons of hope, of faith, of trust, of belief in eternal justice that finally right will prevail over might and order be restored in the world.

And there is one thing we should all strive to do right away. From statesmen downwards we should begin *now* to envisage the peace that will one day be made.

We must begin *now* to plan that peace. We must begin *now* to create and to foster and maintain the atmosphere of calm and reason and wisdom in which alone such a peace can ever be made.

Our leaders have issued, in language that none can misunderstand, Britain's war aims.

Now let them tell the whole world Britain's aims for peace—a just peace, a peace that no threat of Force will ever disturb.

They must make it plain that there will not be another Versailles Treaty to foment discontent and inflame grievances.

There must be no "minorities" isolated in alien lands. No crazy "reparations" that impoverish both victor and vanquished.

This time there must be real disarmament. Never again must the militarism of the ex-Kaiser and Hitler be possible.

Now, too, we need plans for an international police force, a fair distribution of the world's resources, the scaling down of trade barriers.

And we have the right to demand, among Britain's aims, the rebuilding of the League of Nations or a similar confederation that would solve any international difficulty on the basis of law and justice.

One day, a conference will sit round a table to bring back peace to the peoples of the world.

Those peoples—ourselves among them—must be ready for it. By being calmly optimistic we can help it to come more speedily.

There will be times when it won't be easy. There will be moments when optimism will seem to the unthinking like the very soul of un-reason. Never mind. Keep keeping on.

We have started this war with the common people of every land on earth—and with most of their statesmen—profoundly convinced that war must be banished to the barbaric past to which it belongs.

We shall finish it with that conviction and that determination strengthened a thousand times.

We can indeed still be optimists!

The wolf of the seas . . . . but her fangs are being drawn. She will soon be caged

By COMMANDER H. PURSEY, torpedo specialist and anti-submarine expert

SMASHING THE U-BOATS

IN the opening phase of the war at sea it must be admitted that Germany got in the first blow. A typically Nazi one—below the belt.

This was the cold-blooded torpedoing, without warning, of the defenceless liner *Athenia*, with 1,400 civilians on board, most of them women and children.

Thus, defiantly, Hitler tore up another "scrap of paper"—this time Part IV of the London Naval Treaty.

By this gesture he showed the world that he was to be governed neither by the rules of war nor the dictates of humanity. We were, in fact, to be subjected to the "frightfulness" of the submarine campaign of 1917.

That campaign, as we know, failed to achieve its object. For, although 430 merchant ships were sunk in the month of April, 1917, once the convoy system was adopted only 102 vessels so protected were torpedoed in the remaining sixteen months of the war.

And the present campaign of "frightfulness" will also be defeated. Don't let the sinking of the *Courageous* make you think otherwise.

In the first place, when the previous unrestricted submarine campaign was announced Germany had 140 undersea boats at her disposal and the means to increase that number. To-day her resources both in material and personnel are considerably less.

THE total number of her present submarines is about 66—less than half that of 1917.

Of this number about 30 are of a small type with low fuel capacity, a condition which limits their cruising radius to short voyages in the North Sea or the Baltic.

JOHN BULL'S

FREE INSURANCE GIFT

Important Notice

The Proprietors of JOHN BULL give notice in accordance with Clause (m) of the conditions which govern the JOHN BULL Free Family Insurance Gift, that following the outbreak of war the Benefits of the Scheme will not apply to loss incurred as the result of hostilities.

Subject to the foregoing, the whole of the Benefits remain in operation as heretofore.

Already more than £650,000 has been paid to registered readers under this unparalleled Security Gift

Three factors have to be considered in discussing the submarine problems:

The prevention of attacks on our shipping;

The detection of the submarine;

And their destruction.

During the last war the defence of our shipping was provided for stage by stage.

FIRST there was the mounting of guns in merchant vessels, in order to prevent their being sunk by gunfire; the changing of the traffic routes, to outwit the lurking enemy; and, lastly, the convoy system, a method whereby we finally solved the problem of our overseas trade—a problem which, if left unsolved much longer, would have threatened our very existence.

In 1914, and, indeed, much later, the hunting of submarines was largely a case of "blind man's buff."

We had no means of detection; unless the submarine disclosed her position by surfacing, by showing her periscope, or by the track of the torpedo which she had fired, her whereabouts remained unknown.

Similarly, we had no really efficient methods of destruction other than by ramming or gunfire, even if the position of the submarine were known.

I was serving in the Dover Patrol when the first U-boat was sunk in the Straits in March, 1915. This submarine —U.8—was sighted by the destroyer *Viking* at mid-day, but nothing was seen of her for another hour, when a drifter noticed an indicator net buoy being dragged along.

Destroyers were hunting near by and when the periscope reappeared the *Viking* towed her explosive sweep over the spot and fired it—but without result.

Not until nearly 5 p.m. did another destroyer, the *Maori*, sight the periscope again and then some distance away.

Another destroyer, the *Gurkha*, then towed her sweep across the course of the submarine. There was a violent explosion.

Almost immediately the U-boat's stern came up—nearly vertically—and the two destroyers opened fire.

Escape was impossible. Promptly the submarine's crew of twenty-five surrendered, being rescued by the destroyer's boats.

But it was the introduction of the depth charge which sounded the death-knell of the submarine.

An underwater bomb filled with some 300 lb. of high explosive, and with an adjustable pistol to fire the charge at a selected depth—it meant certain destruction if exploded within twenty yards of a submarine.

The Germans were unaware of the real nature of this new weapon for nearly a year after its introduction, largely because there were no survivors from its first victims.

Then, in August, 1917, on returning from a cruise off our East Coast, a U-boat captain reported that he had been subjected to an attack by "marine bombs."

Another, testifying to the advent of this new peril, told how his boat was plunged into darkness and rocked violently with each explosion.

This information created a sensation at the submarine base. No longer was safety to be found in a "crash dive."

Further hair-raising experiences and the fact that an increasing number of boats failed to return shook the morale of the crews. In time even the captains were scared of "in-fighting."

DETECTION measures, unfortunately, did not make the same progress as those of destruction. True, direction-finding stations on the coast were able to intercept the wireless signals of U-boats and to put hunting craft on their track; but no really satisfactory means of finding a submerged submarine was evolved.

Early in the war a plate hydrophone was supplied to chaser vessels. But its listening capabilities were of low efficiency and, indeed, non-directional. Only by "trial and error" could the position of a submarine be surmised.

Later, directional hydrophones were introduced and proved of some value, though to use them the hunting vessel had to stop. Next, a towed hydrophone was invented, but still the engines had to be stopped before using it.

In the Mediterranean, as late as the end of 1917, the instruments used were crude and the procedure rudimentary. All craft had to stop at the same instant, listen for the submarine and endeavour to estimate her direction.

These hunts, however, shook the morale of the crews, and there were fewer submarine visits to the Aegean, where, at the anti-submarine base, I was responsible for the upkeep of hydrophones and depth charges.

And, despite the lack of satisfactory apparatus, nearly 200 German submarines were destroyed during the war.

There is no question of "starting this war where the last one left off" as the case of our present anti-submarine measures.

For during the past twenty years a highly successful detection apparatus has been produced. Furthermore, all our defensive and offensive measures have been put into use from the onset.

I can assure you that they'll be effective.

Some years after the last war I served for two years in one of the vessels of the Anti-Submarine Flotilla, and so was well able to measure the advance since my Mediterranean days.

Not only was it possible for the screen of the battle-fleet or a convoy to detect a submarine before she could make her attack, but we were able to locate other submarines which had not been seen.

"Deep dive hunts" sometimes lasted an hour, during which contact was continuously maintained and, had the submarine been an enemy one, we could have depth-charged her at any moment.

WITH this secret apparatus, often officially referred to in Parliament and elsewhere, not only is the bearing of the submarine found, but also the distance.

This gives the exact position and, what is also of importance, a series of such bearings enables the course of the submarine to be forecast.

The greatest asset of the submarine that she could operate unseen, has therefore been defeated.

When it is realised that the effectiveness of depth charges has also been increased, and that against them the submarine has no defence, the justification of the Admiralty's claim that this menace of the ocean has been mastered can be appreciated.

In the initial stages of a campaign, before the defensive and offensive measures are in full operation, a few losses are to be expected—but nothing on the scale of the 1917 figures.

Isolated attacks may also occur later, but, with the experience of the Great War, the developments in material and training of personnel, the early doom of the majority of the Nazi under-sea "assassins" is assured.

Goodbye and good riddance!

Open Letters

- **Black-out Ruffians**
- **Find Jobs for All!**
- **War's First Hero**

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR JOHN,—This is to be a "Pay as you go" war. So much is certain from what I know regarding Cabinet plans.

Spending will be on a steady scale; taxation will be increased to meet it rather than rely upon immense borrowing which will oppress us when peace is restored.

So far, so good. That is what I should expect from so cautious and orthodox a Chancellor as yourself.

It is because you are so cautious and conservative that I have so often disagreed with you. Indeed, I suppose I have attacked you more bitterly than any other of your many critics.

I do not criticise you now because I do not know your full plans. But I warn you.

And, not in any boastful spirit, I warn you that I am voicing the views of inarticulate millions—the millions you rely upon to finance the cost of the struggle in which we are engaged.

We are all willing to help you meet that cost. But we have the right to demand that it shall be shared according to our means.

YOU MUST, AS MR. ARTHUR GREENWOOD DEMANDS, STOP THE PLUNDER.

IMMENSE FORTUNES WERE MADE FROM THE PREPARATIONS FOR WAR. FORTUNES ARE STILL BEING MADE.

THEY MUST BE TAXED OUT OF EXISTENCE. THERE MUST BE NO GAINS FROM THE SACRIFICES WHICH OTHER SECTIONS OF THE COMMUNITY ARE WILLINGLY ENDURING.

You are an old enemy of the land values tax. I know that such a tax would entail too long and too expensive preparation to make it practicable now.

But there is another solution: you must urge local authorities to raise the rating assessments of those who are now profiteering in evacuation areas by charging inflated prices for houses and cottages.

You will see that shipping and steel magnates do not, this time, snatch the riches which fell unasked into their pockets during the last war.

That is my warning. I think it will be heeded.

This conflict can be ended the more speedily if the Cabinet has the whole-hearted support of the people.

I expect, therefore, that you will insist not only on "paying as we go" but "paying as we can afford."

And in that you will not look to the public in vain.
—JOHN BULL.

Mr. L. K. DUNNE,
London Stipendiary

DEAR SIR,—I address you because you are imposing jail sentences on hooligans who take advantage of the blackout, whereas other magistrates are letting them off with fines.

I note with satisfaction that you are awarding these scum as much as six months' hard labour, and I hope your firmness will soon be imitated by every Bench which so far has indulged in misplaced leniency.

The French have decreed the death penalty for blackout burglars. We need not follow that example; but jail without the option of a fine must be the sentence on every ruffian who takes advantage of the nation's trial. More power to your elbow!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—The biggest task of your career awaits you.

For all my criticism of you on other matters, I admire the efficiency with which you dealt with the calling-up of the Militia. Now compel my gratitude and admiration by solving the heart-rending problem of war-time displacement of labour.

Great numbers of men have been dismissed because their firms cannot now keep them on. You have quickly made arrangements to grant them public assistance, but that is not enough.

There is work for them to do—once it is properly organised. You must see that our war-time industries are given all the labour they need; that we do not suffer the tragic irony of a labour surplus now and a labour shortage within a few months.

I am sickened by letters from men who cannot obtain other employment because so much overtime is being worked in the key trades; and I know that Britain's needs are so vast that there is no reason for any able and intelligent man being unemployed.

So what about it, Mr. Brown?—JOHN BULL.

Bo'sun THOMAS RODERICK,
Sunderland

DEAR RODERICK,—I salute you as one of the first heroes of the war.

You fulfilled the British tradition when you realised, after a submarine had attacked your steamer and you had taken to the boats, that your captain must still be on the sinking ship.

With three other men, you went overboard and swam back—to find Captain Hewson lying beneath the wreckage with both legs broken.

I am glad you managed to get a life-jacket on him and lower him to a boat; I rejoice that you were all picked up by a drifter shortly afterwards.
—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, M.P.,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Not before time are you urging local councils to issue official labels for motorists on A.R.P. work.

Some scallywags have made their own "Priority" labels, although they are not engaged on official business.

But I am more worried by the expensive cars I see which, bearing Priority signs, contain nothing more official than some rich old woman taking her poodles for a run. No exaggeration in that!

So I suggest, Sir John, that much closer scrutiny should be given to limousines which have been granted the right-of-way on the roads.—JOHN BULL.

Herr ADOLF HITLER,
Address Unknown

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—Though I cannot wish you well, I advise you—in your own interests—to return to Berlin at once. For your friend Goebbels has lost his cunning. Perhaps, indeed, that is why he is being kept so strangely in the background.

He is making your Government a laughing-stock as well as an object for contempt. Your newspapers, which he controls, still claim that it was Mr. Churchill who torpedoed the *Athenia*—but in the next paragraph they suggest that perhaps the liner wasn't torpedoed at all!

That seems a contradiction. But quite as remarkable is the clumsiness with which your radio stations are featuring pro-German "Poles" who speak broken Polish and "Frenchmen" who speak broken French with a strong Teutonic accent.

And though one minute they are sneering that London is in the dark while Berlin maintains its gay night-life, in the next minute they are threatening Berliners with the severest penalties if they dare break their blackout regulations!

I do not suggest that you treat your wordy friend as you treated such former associates as Roehm, Schleicher, and other victims of your Black Sunday murder plot.

But do at least tell him to season his lies with a little sense.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. WYNNONA G. LANDON,
Weston

MADAM,—I think you should have something better to do in war than prosecute a mother who stole one apple from an unoccupied house which you own at Burnham-on-Sea.

She thought the fruit in the front garden would be left to rot, and I know that valuable food is being wasted in many such unattended gardens.

I am surprised the court allowed you to take up its time; now that mother has been bound over for a whole year.

A pity that you cannot show what used to be called the "spirit of the trenches."—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF CONSTABLES

DEAR CHIEFS,—You have a new public enemy to guard against. Thefts of petrol are taking place in London from National Service cars and even from ambulances under cover of the black-out. As with other innovations in crime, I expect them to be imitated in the provinces.

If so, I trust you will succeed in catching every offender—and I trust they will receive the ruthless penalties that such human rats deserve.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY SHAKESPEARE, M.P.,
Parliamentary Secretary, Admiralty

DEAR MR. SHAKESPEARE,—I am glad that war duties have not deterred your officials from salvaging the *Thetis* and recovering the bodies of its victims.

Even the all-important task in which we are engaged so inexorably cannot banish from our minds the memories of that undersea tragedy; and I hope the judicial tribunal will soon be enabled to continue its enquiry.

For the cause of that disaster must be established to protect the lives of our brave men who go sail beneath the seas in our defence.—JOHN BULL.

Rhymes with Reason—No. 1

By HANNEN SWAFFER

("No flowers may be thrown at the Fuehrer," orders Nazi headquarters.)

Remembering all the ill you do,
No floral tributes will be ours.
No, Hitler, if we throw at you,
We shan't throw flowers.

The UNHOLY THREE

By SWAFFER

Left: Goering, the former drug-addict

Right: Hitler "overcame with a torrent of words"

Above: Goebbels, the Liar-in-Chief

JUST two hundred Nazis are now driving the German nation into suicide. The rest of the 4,000,000 members of the Party are the creatures of their purpose, their lustful ambitions and their self-destroying vanity.

But we know three more than any others—Hitler, Goering and Goebbels. They are the Leader, the Organiser, and the Voice of a machine which is now seeking to crush all that Civilisation holds most dear.

You would not believe it, but it was only last September, at a diplomatic tea at Nuremberg, that Adolf Hitler said, "I trust that no mother will ever have cause to weep in consequence of any action of mine."

Now that he has let the war-dogs loose, and millions of Poles are under the Iron Heel, no mother would have more cause for weeping, were she still alive, than the woman who gave Hitler birth.

She died thirty years ago, widow of a petty postal official in Braunau, the small town to which Hitler returned proudly when he rode into Austria, having achieved his first objective—the merging of Austria with Germany.

How is it that this man, a disappointed artist who became a house-painter, rose to power?

He was the instrument of the great industrialists who sought to smash the Socialist Government and to stamp out all the people who were seeking to rebuild.

These industrialists, long before Hitler's time, indeed in the Kaiser's, had always envisaged a great industrial Germany as powerful as Britain.

To-day he is their Frankenstein's monster, a being whom nothing and nobody can control, a criminal lunatic, confined only in the madhouse of his own brain.

But for the fact that Hitler's father was legitimatised when Anna Maria Schueckelbruger married him, and so legitimatised her son, Hitler's name would have been his grandmother's—Schueckelbruger. The phrase, "Heil, Schueckelbruger" would have perished amidst universal laughter.

And but for Professor Buchmann, who is now dead, Hitler might have been an artist. When the youthful Hitler submitted a painting, in order to obtain admission to the Vienna Art Academy, Buchmann declared it "unsuitable." Hitler, disappointed and furious, turned to politics, with the result that world history was changed.

AS late as 1912, when he was twenty-three, he still called himself "artistic painter," which he was not.

Unable to afford a room of his own, he was actually begging bread and cigarettes from men in the streets. He was not working. Either he was no good, or he did not like work.

So, with little to do and with no money, Hitler read avidly the anti-Semitic Press.

Yet Hitler's sister, a little later on, was a cook in the Jewish kitchen at the Vienna University.

Hitler was then walking restlessly about the country, for he could never settle down. As he was in Bavaria when war broke out, he enlisted, not in the Austrian, but in the German army.

He boasts to-day of his Iron Cross, but in what circumstances he won it is still a mystery. Anyway, Iron Crosses were given away by the hundred thousand.

When peace came, Hitler was half-blind and in hospital. Those who knew him then still talk of his worn trench coat and his filthy hat, and they remember an unimpressive figure with glaring eyes, who picked bread crusts from his coat pockets and nibbled them while he talked.

In Munich, a German Workers' Party was founded. Hitler went quite casually one night to a meeting as a listener. Suddenly he was overcome by a torrent of words which is still unstemmed, for it has been flowing ever since. Unknown, he stood up and made a speech. It was a good one.

He went on speaking at many meetings, first for the German Workers' Party and then as a National Socialist, for that was the name which was evolved.

There was a Party; but it had no money. Finally, it poured into Germany, strangely enough from outside, where the Republic had many enemies who sought to break up Germany.

Meanwhile, it was Capt. Ernst Roehm who found, for this Party, contacts with reactionary army officers.

ROEHM little knew that, justifying himself by Roehm's perverse practices, Hitler would, in a few years' time, return to Munich, order a "blood purge," and stand by with his hands to his ears to drown the shots with which Roehm, at his orders, was murdered.

Soon, there came the Beer-House Putsch, which took place after Hitler, breaking his official word for the first time, had said he would not make one. It failed, and Hitler, trying to escape in a small pointed beard, was arrested.

It was in prison that he wrote "Mein Kampf," now circulated by the million, a warning to the world, to which few listened.

Hitler stayed in jail nearly a year and came out a hero.

In 1926, there were more than 1,000,000 Nazis led by Hitler, who was still an Austrian. Germany's new leader was a foreigner.

Yet, even at this time, the Fuehrer was learning how to hold his knife and fork. At dinners he was such a bore that few people wanted to entertain him. He either spoke in monologues, long and dreary, or he kept completely silent.

He was moody and irrational, just as he is to-day—yes, he was so moody that whenever he met with an obstacle which seemed difficult, he threatened suicide.

Even in 1932, when, the leader of the largest Party in Germany, he was refused power by President Hindenburg, he threatened to kill himself, utterly in despair. Eight months later, Hindenburg sent for him and made him Chancellor. . . .

Hermann Goering, the Organiser of Germany, of which Hitler is the Leader, is probably the most practical of the Nazis, and perhaps the least repulsive.

He won distinction, in the last war, as a brave member of Richthofen's "Flying Circus." He suffered badly in it. He developed nerves, with the result that after the war he went to Sweden to be cured of a drug habit.

It was while he was a morphine addict that Goering joined the Hitler movement. It afforded him an outlet for his suppressed anger with life, which he felt had treated him so harshly.

He became a violent believer in action and force. It seemed as if he wanted to inflict on others what he himself had suffered.

He took part in the Beer-House Putsch and, to escape the imprisonment for which Hitler was caught, fled to his wife's country, Sweden.

WHEN Hitler rose to power, Goering became Prime Minister of Prussia. Soon he was holding post after post, wearing uniforms of every kind, for he loves them.

The most critical day in his career was when, in court, he faced Dimitrov, the Bulgarian-Russian Communist accused of taking part in the Reichstag burning, although the world, by this time, knew that the Nazis themselves had fired it.

He had to sit by and listen while Dimitrov bravely accused him of being responsible for the crime.

Goering, although he had never forgotten his first wife, Karin, who died too soon to see her husband rise to power, is now married to Emmy Sonnemann, a stately German actress, who—to all Germany's surprise—has given her husband a child.

Well, to-day, Goering rules Germany. Hitler is at the front, interfering with his generals.

As for Paul Joseph Goebbels, he is the most despised of all the Nazis. He has a club foot, which no German is allowed to photograph.

He is the Liar-in-Chief of Nazidom.

Most despicable of all his deeds is his exercise, as controller of all Germany's theatres, of the *droit de seigneur*, the right to pick and choose for his own desires any actress employed by the State.

He has spoken, and he has written, more than any other Nazi, and he has told more lies than any other man who ever lived.

HE, like Hitler and Goering, is rich; but his wealth is that of one of Germany's greatest industrial leaders, a manufacturer named Quandt.

Goebbels married Quandt's divorced wife, and then locked Quandt up until he had transferred to her 3,000,000 marks.

He hates Goering. Just as Goering hates him. He showed it for many months by allowing German comedians, who were otherwise censored, to make, on the stage, all sorts of jokes about Goering.

Goebbels not only pursues women. Women, in spite of his ugliness, pursue him.

But in his "love-affairs" he is not always lucky. Only last year he was badly knocked about by a jealous husband, who was saved from Goebbels' revenge by Hitler himself; for Hitler feared a greater scandal.

Goebbels is one of Britain's chief enemies. He hates and loathes us all. But, unknown to himself, he has become our chief propagandist. Because, with laughter, almost with joy, we reprint his insults, and, indeed, enjoy reading them.

But Goebbels is finished. Goering controls Germany. And Goebbels does just what he is told.

Amazons of Poland

By Mrs. Cecil Chesterton

famous British journalist and social worker.

THREE weeks ago I was in Warsaw. The women of that charming little city, with its long avenues of limes, were once more organising for defence.

Every public building was thronged with quiet, workmanlike committees. The lovely old mediæval Square, with its tinted façades which bore the wounds of many previous batterings, its homely wine bars pockmarked with bullets, was alive with marching units—men and women.

For a brief twenty years Poland has been able to blossom under national independence. For two hundred years she suffered under foreign domination, and now once again she is the victim of aggression.

But she can still summon the immeasurable heroism of her women to defence.

"Beware the Polish zpolher," warned Prince Bismarck, the great Prussian Chancellor. "She is Germany's most dangerous obstacle to complete domination of the people."

And what Bismarck realised when the richest provinces of Poland had been stolen by the Reich, Hitler will inevitably discover.

I have seen the Polish women in action.

At Lwow, at the end of the Great War as to-day, it was the scene of savage onslaught. Every able-bodied male was in the trenches.

The defence of the city was in the hands of old men, boys and girls, led and inspired by wives and mothers, fighting for hearth and home and all the things that lie so near and dear to every heart.

Short of rifles and ammunition, they reinforced their fire by pouring boiling water on the heads of the advance guard of the enemy, ladling sizzling metal from roofs and top windows, with every now and then a sortie into the streets with knives, and sticks, and anything available.

Again and again the advance was rolled back. The women held their own until at long last the city was relieved, the siege broken.

There is nothing hard-faced or masculine about the Polish women. High-spirited, essentially feminine, with a love of gaiety and the arts, their soul is centred in pride of country and worship of God.

Patriotism and faith go hand in hand. The churches have always been united with the people in their attempts to throw off the foreign yoke.

In the Church of the Holy Cross, at Warsaw, where the heart of Chopin lies buried, enemy authorities always searched for the first seeds of rebellion, and time and again in the present century whole congregations, with their priests, have been arrested.

The Polish woman is home-loving, and though a certain percentage enter professions, for the majority marriage and children are a be-all of life.

It was the Polish woman who, in defiance of the German law forbidding the use of the Polish language, taught behind drawn curtains and locked doors the beloved national tongue, the glories of its history and literature, so that when at last the day of freedom dawned they should still speak in their fathers' accents.

It was the Polish woman who, in the depths of the country, secretly instructed the peasants, lest they should forget, and in her hundreds went to prison as the price of patriotism.

AND all the while she went on ordering her house, superintending the harvest, encouraging national arts and crafts, exquisite embroidery and carving, while in the city she played an equal part among the workers, everywhere keeping alive the hunger for liberty.

Among the peasants the symbol of nationalism is their traditional costumes. They still wear them—or did till this last aggression—thus linking up with their historical past.

The most beautiful dresses, to me, are those of the province of Lublin—to which the Government has just retired.

I remember a Sunday morning in April, when the mists hung over the low-lying fields. Suddenly through the soft grey atmosphere there shone flashes of orange and gold, and gradually a troupe of peasant women wound their way to church.

It was as though a field of daffodils were on the march. Sweet-faced women, with hair in plaits under a coloured handkerchief, and full-sleeved, brightly-embroidered blouses under gay silk boleros.

Every woman carried her boots in her hand. It is meet that she should attend God's house fully attired, and so at the church door they all sat down and put on their foot gear! During the week their feet go free and they tread the stubble as easily as grass.

Lublin is a prosperous province. I have stayed with peasants whose farms ran with plenty, where whole families sat down to a table groaning with butter, cheese, veal, crisp rye bread, home-brewed beer and liquors for which the country is famous.

WOMAN is given her rightful place on every farm and in every cottage. She works in the fields, and the profits on the crops each season, divided among the entire family, accord her a man's share.

In Poland, as elsewhere, the money she receives has to go for the boy's boots or the girl's winter coat, but at any rate she has the satisfaction of spending what she has actually earned.

The supplies of food in this part of Poland to-day must make German eyes raven. But they will not be so easy of access to enemy hands as Herr Hitler seems to think.

During the last war the peasants succeeded in hiding vast supplies of corn.

I must not say here the methods they adopted, for JOHN BULL has a world-wide circulation, but even the most vigorous search failed to discover more than a part of the hidden treasure, and neither threats nor physical punishment could extort the secret of the hiding-places.

This is as true of the women as the men. There burns within them such a flame of nationalism that nothing can finally extinguish it.

There must indeed be something frightening to any enemy in the spectacle of these women, usually soft-voiced and smiling, suddenly turned into ice-cold warriors, terrible as an army with banners.

It should be remembered that while there are regular regiments of khaki-clad women, usually employed at the base, there are thousands ready to take part if called upon in a hand-to-hand defence.

Try to picture the effect on young soldiers, but recently plucked from civilian life, when faced with a phalanx of fair-haired girls, young mothers, grey-haired parents, clad only in their house-frocks, their weapons but the peaceful appliances of family life, their only armour the ageless courage and sacrifice of the woman fighting for the life of her children and her country.

It is this flame of the spirit with which Herr Hitler has not reckoned.

It is only those who have known—as I have—something of the sufferings of the Poles under German domination who can fully realise the unbreakable will of the women.

To be once more under German rule would mean the penalisation of their children; the price of ordinary social freedom would be the denial of Polish nationalism.

For only twenty years ago Poles had to accept German citizenship or be barred from the professions. No Pole could buy his land, no Pole was allowed to repair the house he had inherited from his fathers.

And as the house grew older it was a choice whether the inmates remained Polish without a roof or accepted Germanisation in order to build one.

The Polish women remember—they will not *live* and see the slow suppression of their little ones.

And so, according to the German communiqués, she "fights like a tigress."

A tigress! I recall those very charming, winsome faces, the girls of Warsaw, smart as any Parisienne, cultured and gay, the deep-chested peasants with their love of music and dancing, and I see them—in city and village alike—lining up with an unbelievable courage, ready to endure privation, torment, starvation—and death—that there may still be those to cry, as I heard them cry twenty years ago:—

NEICH ZYGE POLSKA—LONG LIVE POLAND!

TOMMY, JACK AND BILL...

ALL the principal Government departments have welcomed JOHN BULL'S announcement of its war-time policy.

Throughout the war we shall not hesitate to attack administrative errors which may cause injustice to Servicemen, their families and the public generally.

But we have the assurance that Ministers are determined not to allow their work to be festooned with the red tape which nearly strangled Britain in the last war.

Already, as we tell you on page 6, swift action is being taken to remedy the muddles which we have brought to Whitehall's notice during the last fortnight.

To fight hardship due to the misplaced zeal of petty officials is part of JOHN BULL'S duty. There is another part that is no less important to our readers.

There will be many problems caused, not by official unfairness, but by misunderstanding or ignorance of the new regulations which have had to be hurriedly imposed.

We can clear up those problems. We are, indeed, already doing so.

In the last few days alone we have received many hundreds of requests for advice. Here is an outline, necessarily brief, of our full answers to a few typical queries.

Mrs. N. E., Sheffield.—"All men on draft leave receive a free Travel Warrant. Your husband should receive 29s. 4d."

F. G., Manchester.—"If you are called up for service under the new Conscription Act, and are the sole support of your parents, you can claim an allowance for them."

Mrs. B., Nottingham.—"Your landlord cannot evict you without an order of the court. In view of your circumstances, we do not think he would be granted such an order."

R. W., Bridgend.—"Short-sight would not necessarily debar a man from serving in H.M. Forces. . . . He would be graded according to his physical standard and allotted duties for which he would be fitted."

Elsewhere in this issue, Sir Wyndham Childs advises all Servicemen on the correct procedure they should adopt to get any complaint adjusted.

In the case of their relatives, complaints and queries will be dealt with promptly and helpfully by JOHN BULL'S free advice bureau.

We need hardly say that we shall be particularly concerned with the subject of Service pensions. For many years we have maintained a special department to assist readers with pension difficulties; we have succeeded in obtaining grants and pensions for them amounting to hundreds of thousands of pounds.

But let us repeat that we are anxious and able to deal not only with queries raised by relatives of Soldier Tommy, Seaman Jack, and Airman Bill, or by those who are bewildered by the tangled complexities of pensions regulations.

We will advise you on rent and rates, hire purchase agreements, legal difficulties—anything, in short, except matters that can best be submitted to your family doctor.

Now, when war is raising hosts of new problems and uncertainties, more than ever should you remember the familiar phrase—

Write to JOHN BULL about it.

This War-time Evil Must be Checked

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS'

WEST END LURES FOR SOLDIERS

By Major-Gen. Sir Wyndham Childs,

K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B.

MY post-bag has contained so many letters from parents who are apprehensive that their boys may be "knocked about" when serving with the Armed Forces of the Crown, that I think it necessary to put the situation before readers generally in such a way that they will, I hope, feel assured that their apprehensions are groundless.

Now as to complaints:

Every member of H.M. Forces has a statutory right to ventilate any complaint, and that statutory right cannot be withheld from him.

The method of ventilating complaints differs slightly.

The Navy:

If any Petty Officer or man considers that he has been treated unjustly in any way, he may request to see his Captain, to whom he should state his complaint verbally. Should the Captain refuse or be unable to remedy it, he may request that his complaint in writing should be forwarded to superior authority.

The Army and Air Force:

If any soldier thinks himself wronged in any matter he may complain thereof to his Captain. If he does not receive what he considers to be satisfaction, he may complain to his Commanding Officer. If he is not satisfied with the Commanding Officer's decision, he may complain to his General.

These are statutory rights which cannot be withheld from any member of H.M. Forces.

Lots of letters come into this office from parents, asking innumerable questions about their sons' pay, allowances, etc.

Sons ought to realise that they have only got to ask their Company Officer and he will be able to tell them at once.

There are bound to be scores of soldiers who think that their Sergeant "has got them set."

Now, if their Sergeant *has really "got them set,"* I have pointed out the right of complaint, but—think it over!

Perhaps you are a bit slack and (in an expression used in the Brigade of Guards) "an idle man."

Before you make your complaint, think it over and see if a little more alacrity in the performance of your duties produces the desired effect.

And, finally, remember the discipline of the British Army is founded on mutual respect and affection, and not on fear!

AT least 300 drinking dens—most of them night clubs—are flourishing in London's West End.

Already they have become one of the biggest menaces, short of bombardment, behind London's nightly black-out.

Now that normal amusement is restricted, they are a snare for young officers and men in the various Services. And they should be dealt with as promptly and drastically as any other war evil.

WATCH 'EM

FRANK DOWNING, of The Sunmaker Nurseries, Wyburn Road, Dawes Heath, Thundersley, Essex, is trying to sell typewritten screeds on "Moral Re-armament" or a "New Way of Living."

It's a snowball stunt—"friend has sent 2s. 6d. for me to send you first instalment . . . send me what you can for further instalments and later the names of two friends you would like to have them"!

He admits it is an odd offer from a plant grower—so odd that you would be foolish to bother with it.

About forty-five, grey, and a superb actor, a crook using the names of Glover and Griffiths is doing his thieving by posing as a secret service agent.

He takes apartments, leaves important-looking documents in his room and confides to the landlady "in greatest confidence" that he is on secret service work.

At the first opportunity he steals everything of value and disappears.

He uses a string of aliases, and lately has been busy at Liverpool.

* * *

Householders are being duped by a methodical gang of rogues exploiting the black-out regulations.

Some of them masquerade as A.R.P. officials, declare that materials used are unsuitable and insist that the approved black paper must be obtained.

They take names very officially and shortly afterwards other members of the gang arrive with a pamphlet giving a list of what are described as "officially approved materials." Cash deposits are taken.

They have concentrated on Stepney, Greenwich, Tooting and Deptford in the last week.

Typical of these cesspools is a haunt named "The Nest," hidden away in a basement in Kingly Street, Regent Street.

Polished criminals and some of the most cunning thieves—men and women—go there. They prey on anyone who can be enticed inside and made drunk. They are looking to wartime for an extra rich harvest.

Recently a young student, taken there by a tout who had made his acquaintance, was found in the gutter in the early morning.

He had been stripped of his wallet, which had contained a substantial sum of money in notes when he went to the club.

In various guises touts spread their net to hotel lounges and restaurants. Some of them are attractive women, others the miserable type of humanity known as Mayfair Playboys.

A little dancing, a drink out of hours, that's the harmless amusement suggested. Now, with people's nerves rather highly strung, they have an abundance of material to work on.

When they reach "The Nest," for instance, the dupes find what looks like a well-appointed dance club. That is merely more camouflage.

First they are rooked 35s. for a bottle of indifferent champagne and 25s. for a bottle of whisky or gin.

When the "guests" are made drunk the real plundering starts.

Whatever the method, the robbery is thorough.

A man named Myer Cohen is behind this place and has made big sums of money out of it.

Every now and then it closes down. The fights which break out make things too hot even for such a haunt as "The Nest."

Once a fight started when a torch singer was performing. Tables were overturned, glasses thrown about, and tapestries torn from the walls.

Five of the men concerned were found to have criminal records.

Twice "The Nest" has been raided and fines inflicted. But it manages to open again under the loose law which permits what are called bottle parties.

The police are fenced round with legal snags when they try to deal with these dens. But a few weeks ago they had nearly completed plans for a mass clean-up.

With the deepening crisis and then the outbreak of war, the arrangements had to be scrapped. The scum who **batten on this shady side of London's night life are, therefore, making the most of their immunity.**

Naturally, the police are busy, but it must be realised that this night club menace is urgent.

Another club, just as notorious as "The Nest," and all near by, is "The Step In and Fetch It" in Frith Street.

It is run by a coloured man named Rufus Lewis. Unlike "The Nest"—where the price of admission is as much as £1 1s.—a shilling will open the doors of this place and the fleecing is done inside. Not long ago a woman was arrested there for brandishing a knife.

In Foubert's Place, Regent Street, is another establishment glorying in the name of "The Maryland."

In addition to the usual fabulous prices for drink, a charge of 8s. for a sandwich has been a speciality there!

Others, although not in the same category as "The Nest," which have lately come under the notice of the police and some of which are still open, are: The New California, Frith Street (owned by Bridgeman Mordaunt Smith, four times convicted for licensing offences); The Buffalo, Wardour Street; and The Skyscraper, Ham Yard.

Then there is The Forty-Three Club in Gerrard Street, conducted for years by Mrs. Kate Meyrick, which has lately been going as a bottle party haunt; The Shim Sham, in Wardour Street; The Rainbow, Rupert Street; and The Lamp Post in Upper James Street, W.

London's safety black-out will not be complete until they have all been swept away.

Sub-Divisional Inspector John Gavin, of the Marlborough Street Division, has declared war on night club dens

It All Sounds So Grand!

BIG Business is the war-time slogan of Arthur Frederick Roberts.

Under the impressive title of British Business Amalgamations, with headquarters at an address in Holborn, London, he is sending out various financial propositions to possible investors.

One relates to a garage stated to be taking up to £400 a week, and another to a similar business which is to be turned into a company with a capital of £50,000. Directorships are promised to those who put up certain sums.

All very grand—but let me lift the curtain on this financier.

The important-looking address boils down to offices which are let out by the day or week or even for an hour! Some tenants just call there for letters

And Roberts himself? Well, it is not many weeks since he came out of jail after serving his sixth or seventh term for fraud!

He has been behind several rackle concerns in the last twelve years.

One was known as The Egg and Poultry Direct Supply Company. Advertising for men to take control of districts to supervise the collection of eggs from farmers, he cheated them out of sums ranging from £10 to £200.

Another was Farmer to Consumer, Ltd., with offices in Streatham, London. Farmers who supplied pigs and produce were not paid. The only satisfaction they had was to see Roberts clapped in jail.

So you can black out all his schemes

WEEKLY WARNINGS

Don't Buy Crisis Jobs!

EMPLOYMENT - WITH - INVESTMENT troops are in action.

Promises of excellent jobs in factories being set up to make war materials are being dangled before men *if* they will invest £200 or £300.

The experience of a number of engineers with regard to the Accrington Aircraft Engineering (Croydon), Ltd., of Strathmore Road, Croydon, should caution others who are tempted by these propositions.

Advertisements appeared offering "permanent positions justifying good remuneration to persons wishing to invest £200 upwards."

* * *

Those who replied were assured that good contracts were booked and that in addition to salary they would share in the profits.

Some of them have not been able to obtain their full wages, much less any of the profits. And their savings are in the air.

One man was so disgusted with the whole business that he walked out recently. He was owed £18 10s. for wages and a further amount for technical services.

After considerable trouble he received a cheque for £15.

The £200 he had invested was the whole of his capital. So far, he cannot obtain the return of any of it.

In other cases, men who have had similar difficulty in securing part of their wages find that they are not even protected by proper agreements.

After parting with their money they were fobbed off with various excuses.

One man was so exasperated by these evasions that he lost his temper the other day and attacked Arthur Ernest Green, who appears to be the most active director of this unsatisfactory company.

Green then produced a draft agreement—but there was still delay in having it properly signed.

Apparently the firm is engaged on some sub-contract work for aircraft manufacturers, but the whole record of the company since it was registered in September, 1938, is a glaring example of the ease with which comparatively poor men can be induced to risk their little nest eggs.

* * *

Beyond the money obtained in this way, there seems no real financial backing for the business.

Nowadays there will be more pitfalls of this sort than ever, and I most urgently warn readers to beware of them.

Buying employment—which is what the system amounts to—has always been a vicious circle, condemned again and again in the courts.

At best, if you do consider any such offer, don't part with a farthing or sign a single document until you have taken advice from a solicitor.

Charity Cheats' Harvest

CHARITY racketeers are already trying to cash in.

They are hoping to find loopholes in the new Act recently passed to curb their activities and bank on the police being too busy to pay much attention to them.

So I warn readers to be specially on their guard.

One man to watch will be a Major Henry Rippon Seymour, who runs the Ex-Service Publicity Bureau, of Cannon Street, London.

He is adept at turning public sympathy to his own ends.

Another bluffer I am keeping an eye on is Henry Dunsford, an old rogue who has specialised in bogus charities for years.

The moment A.R.P. was started in this country he attempted to float a huge ramp for nurses.

Using the name of Wright, he joined a Mrs. Marguerite Rickard and angled for investments in a scheme to form a chain of nurses' clubs with shelters.

My exposure scotched the whole wangle before anyone was victimised.

Don't give a penny to any war-time charity scheme until you make sure it is under proper control by reputable people.

Public Benefactor

Readers can help me more than ever in my campaign now.

Write to me at once if you know of anything which requires investigating.

Each week £1 1s. is paid for information considered to be most useful. This week it is awarded to a Saltburn reader who does not wish his name to be published.

Mark envelopes: Public Benefactor.

Impudence

LLOYD'S Unclaimed Money and Next-of-Kin Agency, of Adelaide, South Australia, doesn't lack cheek.

It has written to Mr. David E. Goody, of Victoria, London, telling him that an advertisement has appeared in an English newspaper this year concerning the estate of a spinster named Georgina Louisa Goody.

* * *

Anyone having claims to the estate is requested to get in touch with a firm of solicitors in England.

"Copies of advertisements," the Australian letter states, "are often sufficient to put persons in possession of information which may lead to the acquisition of money."

No doubt—but here's the impudence.

"As the name Goody appears very uncommon," says the agency, "we are drawing your attention to the matter and should this interest you we will, **on receipt of postal order for 15s., forward you a copy of the newspaper in which the advertisement appeared.**"

Nice profit—if you can get it!

WAR OFFICE FAKER

Exclusive Exposure

Sir Victor Warrender, Financial Secretary to the War Office, whose name was impudently misused

JAMES REGINALD GOODE, South African - born criminal, is the ace swindler that the war has yet produced in Britain.

In the guise of "Colonel Reginald Cranfell," armed with faked War Office documents, he has defrauded four banks within a few weeks of leaving jail.

His total haul exceeds £3,000.

The way he coolly walked off with the money is regarded by the police as one of the most daring coups they have ever had to investigate.

First he tricked a bank at Luton. He visited it a few hours after the manager had received what appeared to be a genuine letter from the War Office—advising him that the "Colonel" would be calling that day.

He was, this forged letter stated, empowered to carry out certain important and confidential work in the neighbourhood.

The man who arrived and introduced himself as the officer named looked the part to life.

He was in mufti, but his upright figure, neatly trimmed greying hair and keen eyes almost labelled him a Regular Army officer.

A cheque for £3,489 which he handed over was drawn on the Bank of England and purported to be signed by Sir Victor Warrender, Financial Secretary to the War Office. His other credentials were equally convincing.

Pleasant and charming, he displayed no undue haste while the formalities of opening the account were gone through.

Then, when everything was completed, he said he would leave the £3,000 to his credit and take the odd £489 for his immediate needs. He calmly wrote out a cheque and was handed the money!

A little later he called at a Harpenden bank and did the same thing.

The manager had been spoofed by the same bogus letter from the War Office.

This time the cheque was for £3,689, and the "Colonel" drew £689 in cash.

Before the swindle was detected he had deluded banks at Portsmouth and Bedford as well as private people.

I am able to reveal that this breath-taking crook started his spectacular forgeries when he was in his early twenties. Now, at the age of 54, it has become almost second nature to him.

Belonging to a good family, he was educated at a private school and a South African university.

In his earliest ventures he was trapped at Cape Town and twice jailed for fraud and forgery.

Even so, he was later able to set up a sham business and handle big money. When he finally slipped away to France he left debts of nearly £50,000.

Just a few of the names he has assumed are: Sir Francis Goode, Major Robin Dexter, Lieut. Reginald Edmunds, Lieut. Guy Page, Sidney R. Gordon, Kenneth Cranfell and Michael Davis-Lester.

Prison has not had the slightest effect on his superb poise.

Always, when he has been at liberty, he has lived in magnificent style, invariably using an expensive car with a liveried chauffeur.

Often, too, he has been accompanied by a pretty woman—seldom the same one.

Once when he was laying the plans for one of his frauds in Essex he rented a large country house and posed as a South African millionaire.

He flew his own aeroplane; his daring stunts were the talk of the neighbourhood. His lavish entertaining completed the local confidence he set out to attain.

At the right moment he turned it to account in his usual way. Various people lost money in a big development scheme he pretended to float. It all went into the fairy-tale magnate's pocket.

His last jail sentence, which he finished so recently, was five years' penal servitude. When he was in the dock he asked for forty-one other offences to be taken into consideration.

The police are on his track and it should not be long before he is back in the only place where he appears to be safe.

The Editor takes a stick to BRITAIN'S LITTLE HITLERS

Without Fear or Favour

WHEN the Government decided to take three years as the basis for its war plans, it was telling the Nazis and all the world that Britain intends to see this grim business through, and is getting down to the job in deadly earnest.

Fine: that is exactly what we wanted! This war can't stop until it has put an end to the very threat of future war. We said that last time, and we mean it now.

Our plans are laid for three years or more; but we want to smash Hitlerism sooner than that, and the one sure way to attain that end is to make sure that the right people are in the right place.

We need first-class men in every key position right from the start.

We don't care where they come from. We don't care what school tie they wear.

We are not interested in their relatives or their money or their social position. We ask for nothing but efficiency.

Little purpose would be served by trying to minimise the public disgust created by the early bungling of the Ministry of Information. Misgivings about this particular Department have been aired inside and outside of Parliament.

So much so that the public may be forgiven if their minds were set to wondering whether other Government Departments were being run in a similarly inefficient fashion.

IT is all very well to excuse initial blunders as the outcome of inexperienced zeal, but we dare not risk a repetition of the same kind of mistake.

We believe, indeed we know, that there are many intelligent and highly-trained men at the Ministry of Information and in other Government Departments, **but we remember the last war of twenty-five years ago, when initiative and common-sense were constantly baffled by red tape and privilege, and we want no revival of the old scandal.**

How well we recall the criticisms of the rabbit warrens of Whitehall, full of bewildered bunnies and queer March Hares!

The bunnies didn't matter a great deal, but we should be fools to tolerate a fresh incursion of March Hares.

We are a democratic country fighting the greatest fight the world has ever known for democratic ideals. We want no Hitlers here.

We need the best men the country can provide. Men who will throw heart and soul into the job on hand, not for the sake of the glory that might be theirs, but in furthering the cause dearest to the hearts of their fellow countrymen.

Events have moved rapidly in the last few weeks. New Departments have sprung into being, others have been vastly enlarged.

Is the Government satisfied that each of these Departments has recruited the right type of individual for the job?

We can only look at the Ministry of Information and wonder.

We were told that "we ought to make allowances" for this "new organisation." We want to know why, and what kind.

Some of the staff there are getting pretty good "allowances," and many another soft job carries a fat pay envelope.

NOT that we have any objection to a good man getting good money; what we resent is the inclusion on the salary list of any "dud" whatever.

ABOVE ALL, WE CAN'T AND WON'T TOLERATE THE "LITTLE HITLERS"—THE WOULD-BE DICTATORS OF WAR-TIME BUREAUCRACY, THE LIKE OF WHOM WE ENCOUNTERED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

There were plenty of them then, and unless curbed in their new surroundings they will soon begin to show their ears again.

They are the men who are not fitted to have power, because they don't know how to use it; men so dull-witted, for instance, that they believe the Press should be the servant of the censorship, instead of the censorship being, as it must be, the servant of Press and Public.

The Ministry of Information may have been new to its job, but it is not a new organisation. It was planned, and even formed in nucleus, many months ago.

There was ample time to scour the country for the best men fitted to fill its key positions.

We should like to know how the officials now working there were chosen. What standard was adopted? What tests were applied?

IT is not our view that they should necessarily be journalists, although sound newspaper training should, other things being equal, prove helpful. But all the key men at the Ministry should be intelligent students of world affairs.

The fact is that several of the officials at this Ministry we have met don't seem to be anything of the sort.

LERS

Out with the Duds!

Judging from the jobs they did before the war, they are not picked men. They were only picked at random!

Happily, in fighting this war of "three years or more," we are in the position of being able to go in with a flying start. We begin where we left off twenty-one years ago.

We have a larger Army, with equipment unsurpassed. We have a Navy which has already done a grand job of work, and an Air Force which in size and personnel is one of which any nation in the world would feel proud, a body of men whose initial daring has won the admiration of all.

We cannot afford to make at home any mistake that is likely to prejudice or impair the work in the real war zones.

AND that is why the utmost care must be taken to see that every official job at home is filled by the right man.

We need not fear any scandal similar to the one which arose over the shell shortage of the last war. On the contrary, we know that our workshops are better equipped than any other in the world.

Our arms factories are being run by men who know their jobs; all our mechanics and engineers are men who have spent years in qualifying for the work they do.

What of the others?

The weaknesses of the Ministry of Information have been freely exposed in language unmistakable in its directness.

Members of the House of Commons and the House of Lords have spared no words in condemnation of the crass inefficiency shown.

What is true of this Ministry may also be true in a greater or lesser degree of many other departments.

For weeks now we have been hammering away because of the profiteering that was going on.

Our words have had some effect. But we shall not cease in our endeavours to protect the public purse until every case of this kind has been dealt with.

During the last war, the taxpayers' money was recklessly squandered. Government departments spent money in a peculiar fashion.

They produced an estimate of what their requirements were likely to be for a given period.

At the end of the stipulated time, if there was any money left in the kitty, it had to be got rid of somehow, otherwise the next allowance from the Treasury would be cut down!

Sounds ridiculous, we know, but that is what happened. It must not happen again.

Those in control must take hurried steps also to stop the profiteering of greedy shopkeepers.

We have been at war for a few days only. Already we have knowledge of stores where prices have been advanced excessively on wearing apparel and other goods.

Everyone who has had need of them has paid through the nose for sandbags. The price in this instance has been raised in less than a fortnight from twopence-halfpenny to one-and-threepence a bag.

ON another page we draw attention to the waste of another department. Pensioned policemen are being recalled. They are being paid at the customary police rate, **plus the pension to which they are ordinarily entitled. Why?**

No doubt many other pensioned civil servants are being recalled. Is the same rule as regards payment being applied?

We want to know and we intend to find out.

GROSS EXTRAVAGANCE AND THE RECKLESS DISREGARD OF EXPENDITURE MUST BE STOPPED AT ONCE.

We do not cite these cases because we are vindictive, but simply because bungling, muddling and waste must be got rid of before any real harm is done.

As we state on page 5, JOHN BULL intends to give the Government its utmost co-operation in these and all other matters.

In the last war we wasted hundreds of millions of pounds and hundreds of thousands of lives by muddling.

Brass hats were worn by countless blockheads. Unfair influence and rank favouritism were rife in every public office.

AND public confidence was undermined by the scandal of the square pegs in the round holes and the "dug-outs" who were permanently "dug in" to cushy jobs.

For our own salvation we must prevent a repetition of the old muddling and the old wire-pulling.

We must get rid of the duds now.

We must drive the March Hares out of every official warren.

The war is barely three weeks old, and the nation is preparing methodically and resolutely to pursue it with ever-increasing power and purpose for three full years, and, if needs be, for longer still.

But if we set about our business in grim earnest now; if we encourage ability wherever it is to be found, and weed out incompetence in high places and in low alike, we can at least hope to shorten the path to victory.

We regard this three-year programme as a great opportunity for young men with brains—the greatest opportunity they have ever had.

But the old tradition of seniority must be swept aside.

The undistinguished sons of influential fathers and the scheming careerists who are merely anxious to dig themselves in must be ignored.

They are the type of men who, given a power, exert every effort to keep the worthy fellow down.

In such cases a little authority flies suddenly to the head; they become subject to fatty enlargement of the ego.

Taken in the aggregate, the heads of our permanent Civil Service departments are peerless in the work they have to do.

The country is satisfied, for the time being, at all events, with those who are at the top in the affairs of State, and the public has no misgivings about the qualities of the men in charge in the active service field.

They are all tried and worthy men. But can we say the same about the hundreds, nay thousands, of others who have been suddenly and hurriedly recruited to fill responsible positions?

THE only answer available is supplied by the weaknesses revealed in the Ministry of Information.

We cannot afford to wait and see until some other department is revealed in the same light.

The time to get busy is now. Those in real authority must run a small-tooth comb along the entire list of staffs.

The Fighting Services have a short way with bunglers and with duds. They reduce them to the ranks; they chuck them out; they count failure next door to crime.

And if we want to win this people's war with the least possible waste of life and money and time, we must be equally ruthless on the home front.

We must sack our would-be "Little Hitlers" before they grow too big and too dangerous.

THREE BAD HUSBANDS

A wife in a thousand—but her husband ignores her

HUMANIST'S PAGE

EVERYONE likes a few words of praise or appreciation occasionally. The withholding of it when it has been justly earned creates a feeling of resentment which poisons happiness.

Proof of that is the following letter from a worried reader:—

"I am one of those women who, besides being efficient in every branch of housewifery, can also turn a hand to many other tasks—such as house-painting, paper-hanging, and carpentry. I am rarely at a loss for practicable suggestions for the improvement of the home.

"Throughout my single life I had always been given unstinted praise for resource, initiative and industry.

"But my husband, though a splendid man in many ways, is one of those who just hate to admit that their wives have any brains.

"He takes the entire credit for everything we do together, bringing in his work-mates and acquaintances to show them what we have done, all the time singing the 'I' song. (I did this; I did that; but with never a hint that the idea and a good part of the work was mine.)

"I am a shy and reserved woman, and there is nothing I loathe so much as any kind of bragging.

"It has taken me four years of toying with the idea before I mustered up enough courage to write to you, for fear of being thought a braggart.

"And although smarting inwardly, I have never been able to thrust myself forward and claim recognition for my share in the improvements. I have often tried to make my husband realise the unfairness of his conduct when we have been alone, but to no purpose.

"Sometimes I think he can't help it. This constant self-praise seems to be a trait which runs through his family.

"But I am human enough to want what I have always given—praise where praise is due. Can you help me, Humanist? I don't want this feeling of injustice to eat like a canker into every hour."

If the writer of the letter were not so modest she would also sing the "I" song and change it into a duet!

But the husband enjoys "showing off in company," and the wife hates doing anything of the sort. She cannot alter her own nature, nor her husband's.

Hence this secret friction and sense of injustice. She feels cheated.

But she can no more stop her husband from singing the hymn of "How wonderful I am" than she can stop a bantam cockerel from crowing.

She will therefore have to adjust her own mind and grasp two important facts:

That good work well done brings its own satisfaction, even though no one utters a single word of appreciation;

That the husband's friends know his habits of bragging, and realise where the real credit belongs.

NOW for a problem set by a man of thirty-two:

"I have been married nearly twelve years. I have a wonderful wife and three fine children.

"In fact, I have everything a man could wish for—good home, good wife and family; but I cannot break away from my old friends.

"I go to race meetings once or twice a week. I stay out most nights till after midnight playing cards, leaving my wife alone at home wondering where I am or what may have happened to me.

"For years now I have realised what a mean cad I am, and how weak-willed I must be.

"I have continually promised her to discontinue my association with these friends for her sake, and really I have meant it. At least, I thought I did at the time.

"But somehow my words hold good for only a week or so.

"My wife has not quarrelled with me unreasonably, nor has she ever accused me of being interested in other women. Her true love and patience make me feel an utter rotter.

"I know things cannot go on this way for ever. In all probability my own health will suffer, and my wife and family will suffer in consequence.

"Can you help to make a man of me? I know I'm selfish and have taken advantage of my wife's good nature, but I sincerely wish to make her happy before it is too late."

WELL, I can hardly call the man worse names than he has called himself—a mean cad, an utter rotter, weak-willed, and selfish.

Even if I could, I doubt whether it would achieve any good result.

There is no reason why a man should not meet his friends and have a game of cards with them; but there is a reasonable limit, and he has gone beyond it.

Few wives would submit to that sort of treatment, night after night, without making a scene or nagging incessantly. This man has a wife in a thousand, and he takes advantage of her!

The whole trouble is created because he is always thinking about giving himself a good time.

It never occurs to him that his wife would like a good time with him. But she would, and so would the children.

He will have to make definite rules and keep them—so many evenings out, so many at home. If he has a garden, he might take up gardening as a hobby, and the pleasure derived from it will compensate him for the absence from his friends.

He could read, play with the children, listen to the wireless, enjoy his wife's companionship, and once a week take the family to the pictures.

He does not know what fun he is missing.

If he is not careful he will lose the affection of his wife. A fire cannot burn for ever without being tended and fed.

Preaching at the man will accomplish nothing. He must take himself in hand. If he is too weak-willed to act for himself he must find a friend who will look after him and send him home at a reasonable hour.

But he can discipline himself if he likes. There is a strong man within him as well as the weakling. Which of them is to be "boss"?

The next letter throws a little light on the problem of the neglected wife:—

"Right from the beginning, my husband never seemed to bother about taking me out.

"My first child was about five months old the first time he told me to get ready to go out, and how happy I was that night! Tears come to my eyes now when I remember it. I felt so proud to go out with him.

"There were other times when he took me out, but more often I would stay in, for he liked his Saturday and Sunday evenings with 'the boys.'

"Later on I found that he didn't like me to go out. When he went off on his own he liked to find me in waiting for him.

"When my first child was seven I had another, and since then I have never seemed to go anywhere at all.

"Sometimes I tried not speaking to my husband, but I soon found that he could do that better than me, and I have been glad to speak first.

"The small bits of affection he has shown me—very few and far between—would make me start to cry and sob as if my heart would break. I could never explain why, but I think it was because I used to long so much for a few kind words. . . .

"I have now lost all interest in him. Years of indifference towards me have made me feel I don't care whether he goes out or stays in."

BUT something else has happened to this neglected wife.

She has met again a man who loved her and wanted to marry her many years ago; and she cannot help thinking how much happier she might have been.

This old sweetheart still loves her and will never care for anyone else. He has remained a bachelor.

He talks to her so kindly, looks at her as if he loved her, and addresses her by her Christian name.

It is touching to notice how that simple thing has moved her. Apparently her husband's only method of addressing her is to say: "Hi, you! Do you hear?"

She wonders whether she ought not to get a separation from her husband. But I am afraid I must be hard-hearted and advise her against it.

Even if a legal separation were granted (and that is doubtful), she would find herself a semi-detached woman, bound to one man by law and to another by sentiment, unable to be happy with either.

After all, she married for better or worse, and one cannot keep a pact only when it is acceptable.

HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

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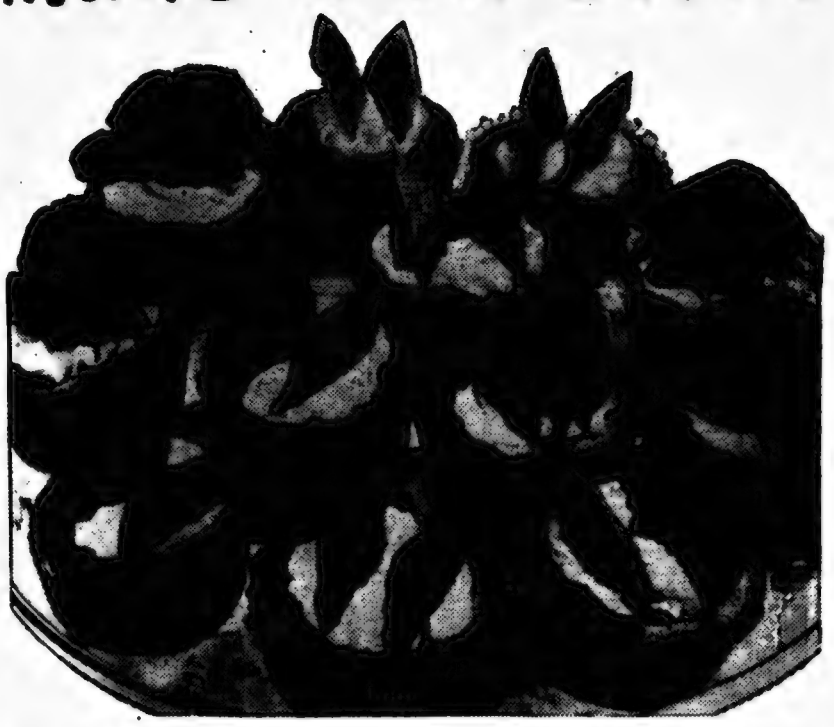

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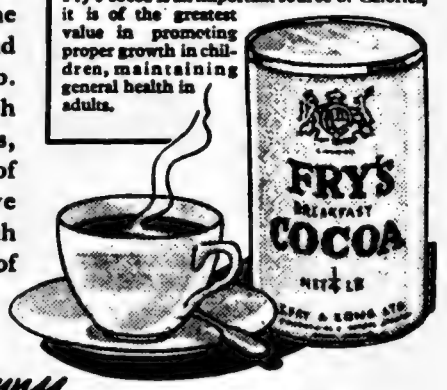

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In Town Tonight

Wasn't the Lighthouse Lane gang surprised when a familiar voice spoke to all Britain!

YOU know how it is: for no reason at all Smith doesn't like Brown. Well, of course, there may be a reason, but nobody ever troubles to find out.

Smith doesn't like Brown; Brown doesn't like Smith. There's an end of it.

It was like that in Lighthouse Lane. But it wasn't Smith and Brown. It was young Percy Piper, twelve years old, and young Alf Higgins, thirteen.

And they'd been chalk and cheese since the first time they met, which was over the sides of two perambulators.

They'd fought it out many a time, each time to a fresh decision, but that settled nothing, except for a day or two.

Now Perce was top, now Alf. It was just a see-saw.

Mind you—it *was* Perce or Alf. The rest were nowhere in Lighthouse Lane. You know what gangs are.

When Perce was top the lads of Lighthouse Lane followed Perce; and Alf when it was Alf.

Week-ends, with no school, sometimes it was Alf led a hike into the woods — the whole gang but Perce, who stayed behind to kick the toes of his shoes out at the corner of the alley.

Sometimes it was Perce who, jumping on his ramshackle bike, would yell "Come on, chaps—twenty miles before tea!"

And off they'd all go, leaving Alf to fish for tiddlers on his own. Which is no sort of a game. Not on your own.

Sometimes Alf would be top because he'd scored twenty runs. Then all the gang would be round him for a week.

Sometimes Perce would be top because he had a shilling. Then all the gang would be round him for as long as the shilling lasted.

First one, then the other.

Perce and Alf apart, there were no born leaders in the Lighthouse Lane gang. Without Perce or Alf to show them the way they never knew what to do.

Alf was big and had the brawn. Perce was small and had the brains.

And that's what used to annoy Perce when he was on his own, thinking. When you've got the brains, why can't you be top for always?

IT ought to be possible, but Perce could never see the way to do it.

Still, having the brains, there was one place where he was pretty well always top, and that was at school. Not that being top at school counted like twenty runs or having a shilling; but it did count a bit.

It counted with the grown-ups, if you could call that counting, because the grown-ups themselves practically didn't count at all. Not with the Lighthouse Lane gang.

All the same, it was being top at school that put Perce on to his big idea.

At the end of each term they had an open day with no lessons. Parents came and the headmaster made a speech.

It was class against class, and anything you could do you did.

Not just things you learned as lessons. Anything.

One Saturday afternoon, at the end of the alley, they were all talking about this.

A few of the chaps were going to do a drill, but there was nothing else they could do.

One was going to do a paper-tearing turn, like he'd seen at a show. He reckoned it would be a Star Turn.

Alf. . . . Well, Alf thought it over very carefully.

"I tell you what," he said presently. "What I'll do is conjuring."

"Oo-er!" Didn't they all shout at that!

"Go on!"

"You don't mean it, Alf!"

"Who doesn't? You'll see. I got it all out of a book. I can do three tricks already."

"Show us, Alf!"

"Not me. You got to wait till the open day. I tell you what. I'll show you just one."

So he showed them just one, with a penny, and did they whoop? Alf wasn't just top that minute: he was a hero.

And the way he looked at Perce. Sort of "Not even when you're an old man with whiskers will you beat that, my lad."

They all looked at Perce.

"What you goin' to go at the open day, Perce?"

Perce blurted it all out without thinking. He might not have done it if he'd thought long enough. And he only really *did* say he'd do it because he knew it was something that Alf could never do if he lived to be a thousand.

He wasn't too sure he could do it himself. But he didn't say his doubts.

"I'll bet I could learn a whole act out of Shakespeare."

"A what?" said the gang.

"A whole act out of Shakespeare," said Perce.

"What for?"

"To say aloud at the open day."

"What—a whole act?"

"Yes."

"Without looking at the book?"

"Yes."

"But why?"

It was pretty plain that the Lighthouse Lane gang didn't think much of the idea.

But now he'd gone so far Perce saw there was no backing out. If he backed out on his own idea it would simply be putting Alf up top for ages. So:

"Bet I do it, though. You'll see."

And he had to get on with it after that.

HE borrowed the "Merchant of Venice" from the school, and got on with it, up in the attic, in the evenings.

It meant leaving Alf at top for a time, but there was nothing else for it. You couldn't learn sheets and sheets of the "Merchant of Venice" and go around with the gang at the same time.

Perce wished he'd never taken it on.

One day, after tea, he joined the chaps at the end of the alley. The chaps didn't look too excited. Alf had been top for a good while now.

Perce threw the book of the "Merchant of Venice" down on the ground and climbed on top of the tin shed where old man Masters kept his bicycle.

"You follow me with that," he said, "and tell me where I go wrong."

So they picked up the book and followed him, line by line, and he kept up for five pages before he went wrong.

You ought to have seen the gang stare.

"Not so bad, what?" said Perce. "And I'll have it all off by heart by the open day, you see if I don't."

It made an impression, you could tell that.

Mind, the chaps thought it was mad. They couldn't see any sense in it. Why take all that trouble to learn all those words?

But they reckoned there was nobody else could do it. Pretty clever of Perce.

He looked like being top again, any time.

Every two or three nights he'd go down to the end of the alley and show them how much farther he'd got, and then, one night, about a week before the open day, he went through the whole lot without a mistake.

AND was Alf annoyed?

He just walked away without a word, kicking stones along the pavement.

Well, for a whole week there wasn't any doubt that Perce was top. The grown-ups got to know about it, and the headmaster, and for that week Perce was even more than top. The open day was a Monday. On the Friday before, Alf went up to London to stay the week-end with his aunt at Fulham.

But you know what everybody said. They said he'd just gone to get away from the fuss everybody was making of Perce.

Anyway, he went. And if he hadn't

(*Continued on page 22*)

Will Scott Again!

—and he's back with a series of short stories that will delight you from the first word to the last.

Humour, pathos, surprise — you'll find them all cunningly blended in his inimitable style.

So don't miss this latest triumph of the "British O. Henry."

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In times of stress WRIGLEY'S GUM quiets your nerves, soothes your throat and keeps you mentally alert. Chewing WRIGLEY'S GUM is also Nature's way to strong, healthy teeth—it gives them much-needed exercise. In addition it aids digestion, freshens the palate and sweetens the breath. Doctors and dentists recommend its daily use.

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new toothpaste keeps teeth gleaming white and more—it prevents Tartar too*!

TARTAR, common cause of dental troubles, is often hidden behind the teeth, sometimes unsuspected even by yourself! Then teeth white in *front* look healthy, but are, in fact, "*White Lies*"!

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Continuing Will Scott's Short Story

B.B.C. Smashes the Gang

gone things would be very different down Lighthouse Lane just now.

On the Saturday afternoon, down at the end of the alley, with the chaps all round him, Perce recited the whole of his act of the "Merchant of Venice." Those days it was very difficult to stop Perce reciting his act of the "Merchant of Venice."

All the same, the chaps had to admit there'd never been anything like it before, and it looked very much as if, by the time open day was over, Perce would be top for ever.

Which just shows.

Because that night, at half-past seven, it was "In Town To-night" on the wireless. And when the chaps listened, did they get a surprise?

IT was that bit called "Standing on the Corner." And the corner that night was the Fulham Road. And the subject was, "Which do you prefer—cricket or football?"

And could you believe it? There was a small boy in the front of the crowd picked out for what he thought, and when he was asked his name he spoke up good and loud and answered Alfred Higgins, of Lighthouse Lane, Saltby.

And he let them have what *he* thought at the top of his voice. And everybody clapped.

Well, you could have knocked the chaps down with a feather. They stared pop-eyed at the loudspeaker and could hardly believe it.

"That's Alf Higgins!"

"D'year!"

"That's old Alf! On the wireless!"

"Coo!"

And out they went, and down the alley, haring all over the place, telling everybody they met.

"Hear old Alf to-night? On the wireless! Yes! Fact! Alf Higgins! In Town To-night."

And when Alf came back on Monday morning was there a do? Was he a hero? And at the open day?

Well, everybody looked at Alf—parents, headmaster, everybody. You could see them nudging one another and whispering.

The "Merchant of Venice" went on and on and on. Nobody took any notice.

There was absolutely no doubt about it. Old Alf was top.

As for Perce, he could have cried. Only you don't when you're twelve. He just walked home, all on his own, and shut himself in the attic.

And wrote a letter.

WHICH brings us to Saturday three weeks. Perhaps you were listening yourself?

"In Town To-night, all the way from Saltby, is twelve-year-old Percival Piper, who has accomplished the remarkable feat of committing to memory a whole act of the 'Merchant of Venice.' Well, Percival, and how long did it take you to do all this?"

"Oh, about five weeks, sir."

"And did you find it easy or difficult?"

"Pretty hard, sir. It took a bit of sticking."

"I'll bet it did. It's more than I could do. Are you going to become a famous Shakespeare actor?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Well there's plenty of time to think about that. And now, as you're here, Percival, what about giving us a few lines out of this first act of the 'Merchant of Venice'?"

"YES, all right, sir. Yes, I will, sir."

And he did.

And, of course, if you *were* listening you heard him.

And you wouldn't know Lighthouse Lane now. The gang's all in pieces. The chaps hang about with nothing to do, no one to lead them.

Alf? Perce? Well, of course, they don't mix with chaps like the gang now. Couldn't be expected to.

They're always out together, hiking somewhere. Or sitting on walls. Or standing on corners.

Talking of the old days at the B.B.C.

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A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.

Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

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Greatest of These . .

Don't Let a Brave Man Down!

Ill and workless, he needs your help

JOHN FOY, who during the last war had a bullet wound in the chest and contracted tuberculosis and chronic bronchitis, has recently been evacuated from hospital.

His elder son is also a victim of the White Scourge. He, too, has been sent home from hospital.

Only the meagre earnings of a lad of sixteen supplement the small pension and National Health Insurance benefit which his father and brother receive.

So you can imagine the hardships which the two invalids must endure.

Arrears of rent and cost of food are never-ending worries.

Every effort made by Foy to keep at work ended in his collapse.

Will all who are now relying on our fighting forces do everything they can to make bearable the remaining days of this unhappy father and son?

Donations earmarked "Pitiful," or for our general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. We'll gladly send acknowledgments where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy will be sent on application.

All administration expenses of the fund are borne by JOHN BULL.

Hitler's Henchman in Retreat!

BLACK-OUTS are necessary, but the "blues" are not.

We all agree that there can be only one end to the struggle—but that end will come all the sooner if Hitler's henchman, General Gloom, is routed from every home in the land.

There was shocking news for General Gloom in JOHN BULL last week. Page after page revealed the calm, determined and cheerful spirit of the nation.

Then came another set-back for him. General Gloom found that both our Crosswords and *Bullets* were still going strong, providing interest and entertainment for readers in the black-out evenings—and he had been relying on these hours for his major operations!

* * *

"Let us stick to our guns and fire away harder than ever at both *Bullets* and Crosswords," comes a reader's message, typical of many, from Miss V. Rudge, Llangarron, Ross-on-Wye. "Whether we win or not, we slay the Demon Depression—and it is up to us to rally round JOHN BULL."

Both *Bullets* and Crosswords offer substantial war-time prize-lists this week. So make the most of your JOHN BULL this week and every week, by joining our Competition Battalion and opening fire on General Gloom. Enlistment forms await you on pages 28 and 31.

Get out your pen, call for reinforcements of paper, and see if you can win a battle of wits.

Whether you win one of the many prizes or not, you are sure to gain a smile that can't be blacked out.

"Fire alarm, officer? Goodness—I've just posted my Crossword in there!"

Let's call it a day . . .

No need to look any further than 'Digger' for a real honest-to-goodness tobacco. It's a fact—it's a grand smoke—satisfying from the word 'go' and it gives value for money every time. No wonder 'DIGGER' HAS A LARGER SALE THAN ANY OTHER EMPIRE TOBACCO.

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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MARIE ELISABETH SARDINES

ARE DELICIOUS WITH GREEN SALAD

Which hit the Wrong note?

you can't tell the difference

between a new frock and a Persil-washed frock

Every scrap of dirt *gently* loosened from the flimsiest silks and the fluffiest woollies. That's how Persil takes care of dainty clothes! When you wash *your* fine things wash them with Persil and have an easy mind. For Persil coaxes all the dirt out in water that's barely warm. And it works Persil so quickly that you need never leave your clothes long in the water. Use Persil for your next fine wash. You'll be really excited when you find how fresh and soft and lovely Persil makes your delicate undies and favourite jumpers. Just you try it and see!

PERSIL IS BEST FOR ALL FINE FABRICS

PER 867C-71-38

Too-Perfect Alibi!

AS SERGEANT GEORGE BROOKES strode through the front door of the farmhouse the constable on duty saluted smartly.

"In the kitchen, sir," he said. "Dr. Bam's in there now."

"Good!" answered Brookes. "Anything been moved?"

"Not so far as I can make out, sir. That is except for Mrs. Hauptfleisch's body. Two of the neighbours tell me they took her down off the stove and propped her against the wall. They thought she might have been still alive.

"I've got statements from everyone who's been in the kitchen, like you said, sir. They all say the place is just the same as when they saw it."

"Good!" the Sergeant said again. It was evidently a pet word of his. "Did you find anything to show us how this happened?

"All that her son Peter told me was that, when he came home about six o'clock, he found her lying dead on top of the stove with the remains of a petrol bottle beside her."

A view of Capetown, where Peter Hauptfleisch was found guilty and sentenced to death.

"No, sir. The statements don't say anything about how it happened—there was no one with her at the time. Peter tells me that when he found her she was dead and badly burned. So he ran over and told the two women next door. They shifted the body.

"According to him, his mother's been intending to burn the soot out of the chimney for some time. She sent him for some petrol to do it with a couple of days ago.

"He reckons he warned her she mustn't use petrol because it's so dangerous. Told her she ought to get paraffin instead, he says.

"Anyway, she wouldn't listen. And she must've decided to do it while he was out this afternoon."

"Good! All right." Sergeant Brookes, of the Richmond district of Cape Province, South Africa, looked thoughtful. He was determined to impress his chiefs by the way he handled this case.

He walked to the kitchen and found Dr. Bam, the district surgeon, working in semi-gloom. All the window blinds were drawn and the door leading to the yard was closed.

"Hullo, doctor! Trying to work in the dark?" he called out.

"Yes. And I don't like it!" the doctor answered. "I thought you'd better see everything as it was. But now you're here, I'd appreciate a little more light."

The Sergeant walked over to the windows and slid the blinds up.

"There! That's better!" he said. Then, giving no more than a glance at the body, he turned to examine the long Dutch hearth.

In accordance with local custom, this was really a long brick platform, about five to six feet long and three feet high, with a small, two-feet-long stove let in at the left-hand end.

The top of the stove was level with the platform. And from it, at the rear, a three-inch stack led up into the chimney. The remainder of the brick platform served as a shelf for pans and pots when taken off the fire.

There were no utensils on top of the stove. And none on the platform, which was spotlessly clean except for two burned rags, the bits of a broken bottle and a small, partly burned heap of "mis" fuel.

"Mis" is a sheep manure fuel, and will not burn unless it is first started with wood or other kindling.

A small box stood against the brickwork at the right-hand end of the range. Evidently it had been put there to act as a sort of stepping-stone.

HE found that the range was cold. The oven contained a plate of cold cooked liver.

Leaning forward to peer up the chimney, the Sergeant saw it had recently been cleaned down. There was hardly any trace of soot on the rough surface.

He turned back to face the surgeon.

"Do you happen to know just how the body was lying, doctor?" he asked.

"Yes. I had Peter and the two neighbours in to show me. She was lying on her right side on top of the brick-work with her left leg doubled back under her and her right one sticking out over the edge.

"Her head was lying on top of that 'mis.' I guess that's how she got the side of her face and neck so badly burned."

When Brookes examined the "mis" more closely, he found a distinct depression in it as if something heavy had been lying there.

He also found a number of tiny pieces of the broken bottle and the burned remains of a box of matches.

He asked another question:

"Have you formed any opinion about the cause of death yet, doctor?"

"YOU ought to know better than to ask a question like that, Brookes. Of course I can't tell you until I've had time to make a post-mortem. About the only thing I can tell you is that she's been dead since somewhere around two-thirty this afternoon. She may have died of shock. I won't know for certain until later."

He paused for a moment, as if in deep thought. When he continued, there was a curious tone in his voice:

"But, for your own edification, I'll tell you this, Brookes. There are several features about this case that I don't like!"

"Meaning?"

"Well, before I tell you that, I'd like to know what you think about it."

"WHAT I THINK? I THINK THIS WASN'T AN ACCIDENT AT ALL! I THINK IT'S THE MOST CLEVERLY PLANNED MURDER I EVER CAME UP AGAINST. THAT'S WHAT I THINK!"

"Why?"

"Well, the interior of a chimney is always dark, isn't it? Can you see any woman deliberately drawing the blinds and excluding all the light before she started to clean one? I can't!

"Not only that. That chimney's clean. If this woman had been killed while she was cleaning it there would be bits of fallen soot all over the top of the stove and the platform. But there isn't any! That proves she wasn't cleaning it when she died. It also proves she didn't need to clean it because it was cleaned a short time ago!"

"That only backs up what I've been thinking!" Dr. Bam exclaimed.

"When I examined her body I found two large red areas on the back. They're caused by what we call 'post-mortem lividity.'

"You see, when a person dies, the muscles of the arteries relax and the blood flows, like water, to the lowest spot it can reach. As a general rule, lividity marks don't form until twelve hours after death. They may form much quicker, though.

"But, no matter how long they take, they always form in the part of the body which is at the lowest level at the time. If Mrs. Hauptfleisch died on her side and *remained* on her side afterwards, those marks would have formed all down the right side of her body.

"But the fact that they're where they are shows that she lay on her back for several hours after she died and that someone placed her on her side on the stove later!"

"I think our best bet is that the 'someone' is her own son, Peter!" Brookes said. "He's a drunken fellow—has been for years. He's made more than one threat against her. In fact, I had to have him put in the 'Cooler' last month because he was on a wild binge and started to beat her up. I think he's got a lot of explaining to do!"

Brookes questioned the forty-year-old son at the first opportunity. Naturally, he did not hint at his suspicions.

HE found Peter ready with an answer for every question.

"I'm afraid I don't know any more than I've told you," he protested. "I went out, just after two, to get some groceries and to do one or two things. I didn't get back until six. When I did I walked into the kitchen and saw mother lying on the stove."

"What did you do, then?"

"When I found she was dead I called the neighbours. Then I notified you."

"I see. It must have been a great shock to you."

"It was. I told her not to use petrol to clean the chimney because it's so dangerous. I had no idea she would."

"Do you know where she got the petrol."

"Yes. She asked me to get it for her a few days ago. That was before she told me what she wanted it for."

"Has she ever used petrol to clean the chimney before?"

"No. She used to use paraffin. But this time she said she thought petrol would do the job better than paraffin. I argued with her about it. And I thought she'd given up the idea. I guess she must have started using the petrol and dropped the bottle on top of that lump of 'mis.'"

"That's what it looks like." Brookes

(Continued on page 26)

Law's Long Arm

A dramatic series revealing the exploits of British detectives overseas.

by

Louis Mansfield

How to keep false teeth stainless and sterilized

'Steradent' is a special cleanser for false teeth, and is very simple to use. Just put your dentures into a tumbler of water with 'Steradent' powder, as directed on the tin. This solution penetrates every crevice, dissolves film, removes even old stains and sterilizes your dentures by its own harmless, active energy. No risk of breaking or bending your plates through handling. Many people leave their teeth in this 'Steradent' bath overnight; others regularly for 20 minutes while they dress. Dentists recommend 'Steradent' and all chemists sell it in tins 1/- and 1/9d.

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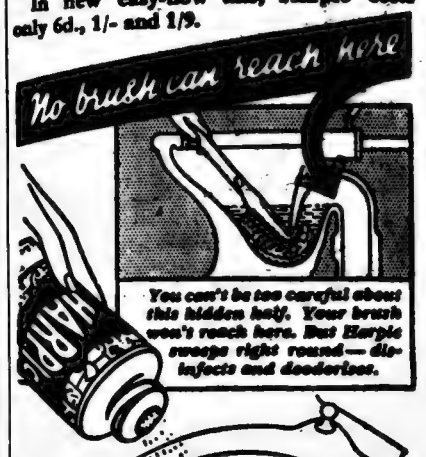
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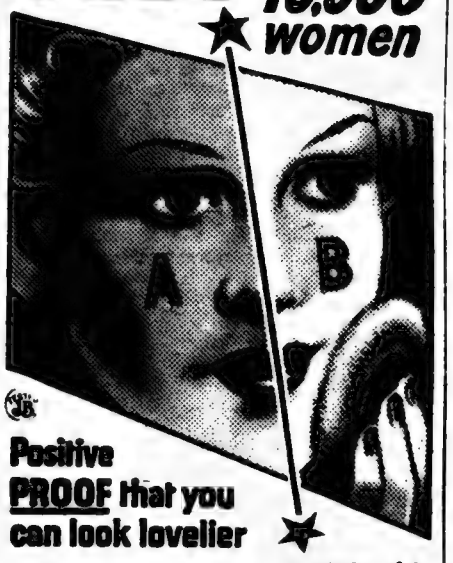

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Continuing

Too-Perfect Alibi

played his part well. "Do you mind telling me just what you did with yourself during the afternoon?"

"Not at all. I left home about two, as I told you, to get some sugar and cigarettes. On the way I stopped and had a chat with Johanna Botes over the way. I left there at half-past three and dropped into the house next door. I just called in to say 'Hullo,' and didn't stay more than five or six minutes. After that I went to the tobacco shop. I got there about twenty minutes to four and stopped talking until four.

"Then I went looking for a goat that was lost. I found it and took it down to the showground before going to the grocer's for the sugar. I got there about a quarter past five.

"I had a chat and left about twenty minutes to six. On the way, I dropped in to the Botes's again. I left there just before five to six and went home."

"I see. All right, if we want you again, I'll get in touch with you."

AS Peter walked out the constable on duty, who had been listening, grimaced wryly:

"Looks as if he's got a water-tight alibi," he remarked.

"Too water-tight! Much too water-tight!" Brookes replied. "He's got it right down to the last minute. He didn't once have to stop to think where he'd been, or at what time. And he didn't once make any additions by way of an after-thought.

"I'll bet you a pound to a penny he's been planning that alibi for days and that he's committed it to memory until he's word perfect.

"If you question him again, you'll get exactly the same answer without the slightest bit of variation."

When Brookes came to check up on the alibi he found it fully supported by all the people Peter had mentioned. Of course none of them could fix the time so finely as he had done. But they agreed with him on the main points.

That is, except for the time between four o'clock and five-fifteen when Peter claimed to have been looking for the goat.

The Sergeant found that the goat really *had* been missing. And that it had been returned to the showground. But no one could recall having seen Peter returning it. Nor had he been seen looking for it.

IN his own mind Brookes felt certain that Peter had killed his mother before starting out on the round of visits. And that he had sneaked back to the house, between four and five-fifteen, to put the finishing touches to his scheme.

But it was one thing to think—and another thing to find the evidence.

The Sergeant discovered that the last person to see Peter's mother alive was the neighbour Mrs. Botes, who had chatted with her while she hung out clothes to dry. The murdered woman had gone back into her house just after two o'clock, to rest. And to die!

When Dr. Bam completed his post-mortem, his findings showed there was no doubt about its being a case of murder:

"That woman was suffocated!" he announced to Brookes. "She wasn't strangled. She was suffocated—probably with something soft like a pillow because there are no marks on her throat.

"There's a large bruise on her stomach which must have been made by someone kneeling on her while she was being killed."

"Then you're certain there's not the slightest chance of her having died as the result of the petrol bottle exploding?"

"Yes. If she'd died like that, there would have been microscopic traces of fine soot in her lungs—petrol does give off soot, you know. But, there isn't!"

Brookes realised that, although the circumstantial evidence pointed so strongly to his suspect, he had no hope of a conviction unless he could positively establish Peter's presence in the house at the material time.

He knew that his strongest point—the fact that the woman's body had been moved some hours after death—would also become the defence's strongest point unless he could bring forward a witness to say that the son had gone quietly back home while in the middle of arranging his alibi.

Unless he could do that, the defence would be bound to use the fact as proof that some third person, and not Peter, was the murderer.

With this in mind, Brooke set his men the task of questioning everyone in the district.

Fortunately, after much hard work, a man was traced who was able to supply the missing link in the chain of evidence. He was the superintendent of the common lodging house not a quarter of a mile from the scene of the murder.

"I was sitting on the front veranda at our place about four o'clock on the afternoon the old lady died," the superintendent said. "I saw Peter going in at his gate. It's nearly 400 yards away but I'm certain it was him.

"I recognised him by his walk. But that isn't all. I went for a walk down the road, about five minutes to five. Just as I got opposite his place, I saw him coming out of his front door. I couldn't mistake him. It was him all right."

Peter Hauptfleisch was doomed from the moment Brookes heard that evidence.

He was brought up for trial before Mr. Justice Van Zyl at the Cape Town Criminal Sessions on September 21, 1925.

He was quickly found guilty and at 7 o'clock in the morning of December 23 the man with the too-perfect alibi was hanged.

The Human Machine

This Game Called Life

IF you'd like to see human nature at work under a microscope—watch people playing golf!

You'll find that the players spend most of their time taking their minds to pieces and showing you how the wheels go round.

You'll see what concentration can do—and you'll see the devastating results of the lack of it. You'll see temper and emotions controlled—and you'll see what happens when they're not.

You'll see the vast difference between care and carelessness, and you'll note without any difficulty the superiority of cold judgment over rash guesswork.

And, most of all, you'll see how unwise it is to worry about what the other fellow's doing.

For the golfer's real enemy is the course—not his opponent; and if he confuses the two, he's soon in trouble

Golf may be only a game, but it illustrates life in an astonishing way.

Haven't you, for instance, often tried to outdo someone else instead of concentrating quietly on your own job and getting on with it in your own way?

Haven't you many a time wasted your energy in this sort of mistaken rivalry? It's a hundred to one you have!

It's silly, because all the time your enemy's the job you have to do, not the other fellow.

Haven't you also wasted time and energy in losing your temper over your own unskilfulness—which you blame on everything and everybody except the real culprit?

One could go on drawing parallels endlessly. One of the most famous professionals in England is fond of saying to his pupils: "You make all your own difficulties in golf!"

Isn't this also very true of life?

Sir John Lubbock once summed up life in one penetrating sentence. "If we are ever in doubt what to do," he said, "it is a good rule to ask ourselves what we shall wish on the morrow we had done."

Behind the Enemy Lines

WHAT has happened to the "big Nazis" whose names were publicised by the Nazi propaganda machine every day for the last six years?

Now they have almost completely disappeared from the public eye; even the German Press has not mentioned them since the war started.

Himmler, the S.S. and Gestapo Chief, was at first left out from the Nazi War Cabinet. But, with internal opposition increasing, that terror-arm of Hitler is again in the forefront.

Goering, not Hitler, has appointed him to be Frick's deputy. Frick is on the war council as Minister for Interior.

Streicher, the savage Jew-baiter, is completely out of the picture. He lies gravely ill in a Nuremberg clinic, and there seems little doubt that his days are counted.

Bohle, the Bradford-born leader of the Nazi Foreign German Organisation, is working at high pressure in the background.

He is reorganising Nazi infiltration of neutral countries. Keymen of his association who had to leave Britain and France are now stationed in neutral countries.

Complete mystery is surrounding the movements of Ribbentrop. His star has waned since Britain and France declared war on Germany. He had persistently advised Hitler that this would not happen.

So, left out of the War Cabinet, Germany's Foreign Secretary is having a holiday. Many think he won't return to office.

His place is taken by Herr von Weizsaecker, the last professional diplomat in high Nazi office since Neurath went to Prague.

There is one lesser personality who now has a prominent position: he is Canaris, former Admiral of the German Fleet, who is in charge of military espionage and counter-espionage.

His chief assistant is Baron Killinger, one of the most ruthless and feared of Nazi reactionaries.

Baldur von Schirach, Nazi Youth Leader, is organising the employment of German children for warfare.

Boys and girls from the age of twelve upwards are working on the land; some of them are even carrying arms as "supplementary soldiers" of the Nazi army.

In the meantime, with women forced to work in the places of men, German children are practically abandoned and thousands of complaints have reached German authorities because kindergartens are overcrowded and children are left to themselves.

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INDIGESTION

due to nervous strain

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J.B. 23/9/39.

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Reader's Signature.

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Name and Address of Newsagent.

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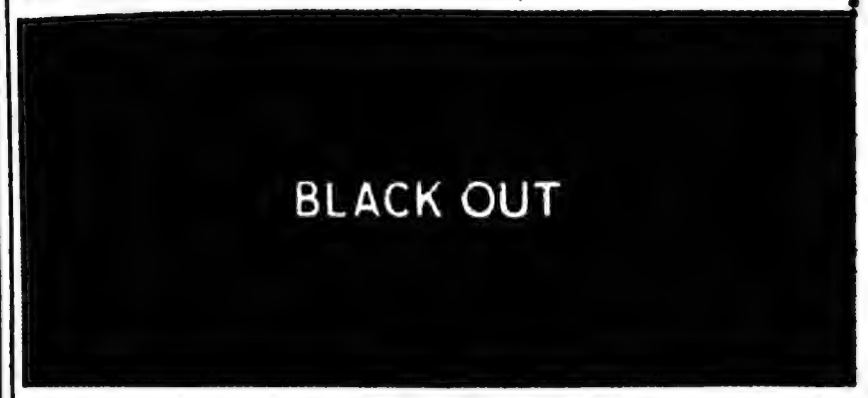

COMPLETE darkness outside and indoors. Suddenly a siren pierces the silence with its dread warbling notes of warning. Families hastily leave their beds and grope their way along landings and down staircases. Here, in addition to the peril of air-raids, is a danger which is taking toll of broken limbs and even of life itself. "Black-out," your safeguard, is also your risk.

Registered readers of "John Bull" are assured of prompt practical assistance under the Home Accident Section of "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift.

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In addition to providing Benefits for Home Accidents and numerous other common perils of everyday life, "John Bull" is the *only paper in the world* to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS Benefits.

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Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £493 5s. 3d. to registered readers or their dependants, as follows:

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Note:—An important notice to Registered Readers appears on page 10.

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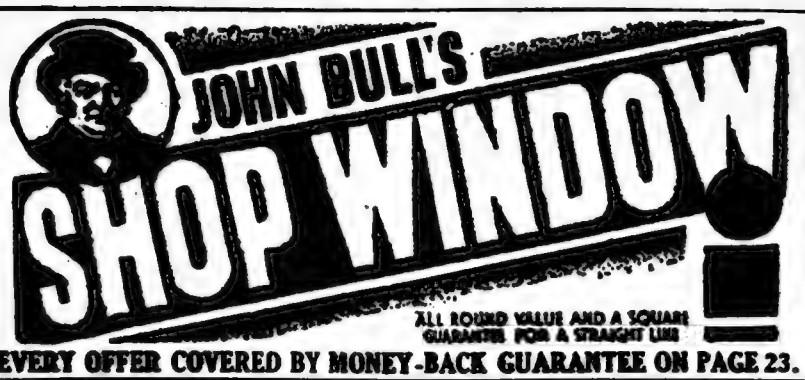

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SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. HIL. Ltd. (Dept. F.16), 248, Oxford Street, London, W.1. (Over Oxford Circus Tube Station.) (Hours 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.) Supplied under National Health Benefit.

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For one week only, an Increased Pension, Cash and Bonus Offer is the Crossword attraction. Be quick with your entry, for to be a winner you must post your Squares on or before SATURDAY, September 30.

When you have completed your Crossword Squares, turn to the "Bullets" offer on page 31. You are invited to enclose "Bullets" with your Crossword entry—and an entry for both contests, remember, doubles your opportunity of receiving a golden First Prize Joy Wire!

ACROSS CLUES

1. This may mean to take things easily
2. Damage is sometimes done before it can be stopped
5. Pies of having been elsewhere when crime was committed
8. You may be hurt if pal gives you this for no apparent reason
10. When man's called this, his position is thereby indicated
12. Tis one is latest millinery fashion
17. You may find it handy to have umbrella in this
19. Cloth one is likely to stand fair amount of rough usage
20. Statesman who would like to see Europe looking more like his own name
21. Trickster occasionally makes profitable use of one
22. You can rely on youngster to do certain jobs with

DOWN CLUES

1. Gardener may just make this of rocks if he's not skilled at rock-gardening
3. Sharp knocks
4. Every smart woman wants her frock to be this
6. Amateur sailor will most probably find it hard to get job on this
7. It's shocking when honest man gets this for stealing
9. Big people sometimes find it a job to get this
11. There are quite a number of poor students who could do with one
13. Won't come to you when frightened
14. Don't do this too loudly or people may think it's a siren!
15. Is sometimes to be seen in straw
16. Knowing about this left by criminal may help detectives in their work
18. Practical joker may get kicked if he pulls this too often!

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 170th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, October 12. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie on ties, the lump sum of £250 will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

COMMITTEE'S FINDINGS.

No further issues of the "Crossword Gazette" will be published at present, owing to impossibility of maintaining satisfactory service in existing circumstances, but competitors desiring to receive copy of Adjudication Committee's Findings on current Crossword No. 170 are invited to enclose 1d. stamped addressed envelope with entry. Findings will then be received simultaneously with publication of result in "John Bull."

READ THESE RULES.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Saturday, September 30, 1939.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to sixteen (entry-fee 4/-).

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter-square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, October 12. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £250 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

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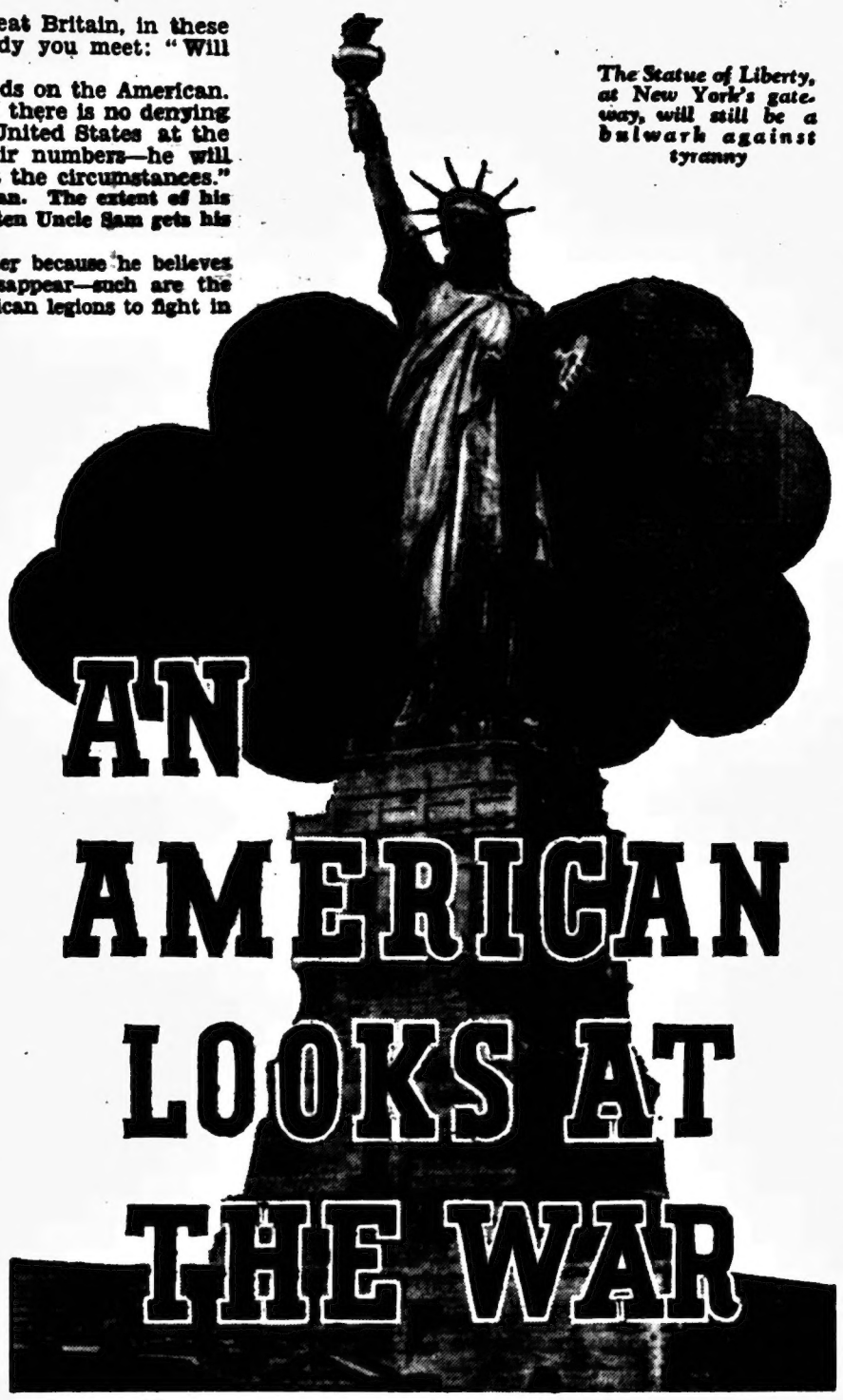
ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 170, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Here is the Majority Voice of the United States



The Statue of Liberty, at New York's gateway, will still be a bulwark against tyranny

TO be an American at large in Great Britain, in these days, is to be asked by everybody you meet: "Will America come in?"

The answer, of course, depends on the American.

If he is a chronic Isolationist—and there is no denying that Isolationists have a hold on the United States at the moment, out of all proportion to their numbers—he will answer: "No. Never. No matter what the circumstances."

Don't take too much notice of that man. The extent of his following depends on how hard and how often Uncle Sam gets his face smacked.

But if he is out for the blood of Hitler because he believes that either Hitler or civilisation must disappear—such are the people who are volunteering to form American legions to fight in France—his answer will be very different.

"Sure, America will come in," he will reply. "She's with you at heart already. And it won't be long before she's with you in every other sense of the word."

Don't take too much notice of that man, either. It isn't easy to rouse a whole nation about a danger several thousands of miles away.

Neither of these people typify, in their views, what the hundred million or more people of the United States—one-tenth of whom are negroes—are thinking, saying and hoping at this moment.

They are saying, and have been saying since the day, 12 months ago, when they began to think that war in Europe was inevitable, just what people are asking me in the streets of London: "Will America be in?"

Torpedoed

Since the torpedoing of American women and children that question tends to change to: "Can America keep out?" which, you will observe, on examination, to be somewhat different.

That notwithstanding, the people of the United States are desperately anxious to maintain a status of neutrality, even though, as our President more than hinted, they do not feel neutral in their hearts.

I can understand a section of British public opinion feeling somewhat hurt at that apparent contradiction.

I can hear the questions: "Surely Americans can see Hitler for what he is? Surely they can see that we have followed the only course open to us? Surely they recognise that this modern Nero is endangering not only Europe but the whole world, America included?"

To which I answer: "They do."

I have encountered more bitterness against Hitler in the United States of America than in Great Britain, where hate, or even acute dislike, doesn't come easily or quickly.

The people of the United States know not only that Hitler was embarking on a policy of world conquest, but that the United States of America was included in his scheme.

This journal could be filled with excerpts from documents which, seized in America, prove that the Germans were actively engaged in the attempts to Nazify my country.

My compatriots certainly believe that France and Britain took the only course open to them.

There is, in fact, a big section of public opinion in the United States which criticises France and Britain—aiming its sharpest barbs at Mr. Chamberlain—for fighting too long and too hard to maintain peace.

Indeed, there are many Americans who believe those two countries should have gone to war in defence of Czechoslovakia.

The whole population of the United States, with comparatively few exceptions—and with not so many German-speaking people as you might think among those exceptions—are hoping and praying that this world's worst autocrat will be brought to the dust.

Why—is it forgotten already that the United States have been dealing with Hitler with a firm hand throughout the 12 months in which Britain and France have been trying a policy of appeasement?

I do not mean by this that there hasn't been every sympathy for the spirit animating Mr. Chamberlain's herculean efforts to keep the peace—even if we have criticised the manner of those efforts.

Remember President Roosevelt's recall of Mr. Wilson, the U.S. Ambassador to Berlin. And President Roosevelt's speech: "There can be no peace if the reign of law is to be replaced by a recurrent sanctification of sheer force."

Scathing

Remember, too, the words of Harold L. Ickes, U.S. Secretary of the Interior, on December 19 last—and the incidents that followed it.

He said: "Fascism is an ever-present threat to the United States, as it is to France and even to the mother of democracies, England. . . .

"Certain sections of Europe to-day make it possible for anthropologists to study primitive man without a reconstruction of the social order on the basis of a human jawbone. . . .

"To seek a true comparison we must return to a period when man was unlettered, benighted, bestial."

This speech at Cleveland, Ohio, resulted in infuriated protests from the Nazis.

But the Government coldly answered that these Nazi protests were improper and ill-graced.

The German envoy was told plainly that the speech represented the feeling of an overwhelming majority of people in the United States—that Germany must surely be aware that recent acts of German policy had shocked and confounded American public opinion more profoundly than anything in many decades.

And read again the words of our Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull, nine months ago: "We know that, in much of the world, trust in any form of agreement has completely vanished, that Might has stated that it would have its way, recognising no equal but Might."

That is true. Our statesmen know that ordinary ends of living have been subordinated to create vast, terrifying military machines whose only final purpose was to create terror, and whose only final use can be to cause the ruin of the world.

Yes, I mean the world. And in talking that way, our statesmen—often feeling too much indignation to express themselves in statesmanlike language—have echoed exactly what the vast majority of people have been saying and are saying all over the American continent.

There were never stranger neutrals than these fellow-countrymen of mine. Every one of them is praying that Hitler shall be beaten, is hoping that America will do something, short of actual participation, that will help to beat him.

Theirs is something more than benevolent neutrality. It is partisan neutrality, if two such words can exist together.

Everywhere there is a determination that our neutrality laws shall be changed to enable us to flood France and Britain with all the 'planes and guns and ammunition they want to finish the war favourably and quickly.

Arms for Us

Coupled with it is the determination of President Roosevelt that private enterprise shall not be permitted to make vast profits out of the sorrows and sufferings of Europe.

Just one speech to recall—that of Mr. Cordell Hull as recently as July last, when he referred to the tragic possibility of peace efforts failing. He added:—

"The arms embargo plays into the hands of those nations which have taken a lead in building up their fighting power.

"Our refusal to make it possible for the other countries to obtain such means necessary to their self-defence would . . . make more helpless the law-abiding and peace-devoted peoples of the world.

"Those who insist on it (such a neutrality) contend that it would keep the country out of war. They mislead the United States people to rely on a false and illogical delusion."

Take my word for it, the arms embargo part of our neutrality laws will disappear in favour of France or Britain. The American nation will insist on it.

There will be delays, because it is part of our political tradition that the opponents of a measure can obstruct it with talk—just as your politicians often do.

The Isolationists are up to every trick of obstruction, but they will only delay the inevitable.

We are with Britain and France in heart and spirit. Short of actual participation in military or naval effort, you can count on us.

But I write these words on September 15, 1939.

What shall I answer in six months' time if I am asked: "Will America come in?"

I can't say. A hundred million American people cannot say. We don't know what is ahead of us—and not even Isolation can endure against everything.

EDWARD B. RANDALL.

Two Books You Must Have

ON page 3 JOHN BULL announces full details of two books that should be in every home. Each book has a special "War Emergency" significance and should be secured at once—while there is yet time.

They are "The Handy Man and Home Mechanic" and "The Universal Home Doctor Illustrated," both of which are available to every reader of JOHN BULL at a special privilege presentation price.

"The Handy Man and Home Mechanic" will enable you to do those essential jobs and repairs about the house, carpentry, plumbing, electric installations, and the hundred and one things you will be called upon to do in war-time.

"The Universal Home Doctor Illustrated" is just as essential in every home. With its expert advice it will prove itself a friend in need in an hour of crisis, telling in simple language what action to take in cases of illness or injury until the doctor arrives.

Turn at once to page 3, and post your reservation order to-day!

THE KID - - - - - - - - By LEES

The Last Laugh

P. V. (Golcar).—"We argued about the war, and it finished by him closing one of my eyes with a savage punch." Just a partial black-out.

J. H. (Newcastle).—"Every married man occasionally speaks a hasty word to his wife." He has to, or he would never get one in at all.

IRENE (London).—"Since I have broken off my engagement with the local doctor what do you think he has done?" Sent you a bill for his visits?

T. M. (Chelmsford).—"I would rather hear a woman play the saxophone than the piano." You mean she cannot sing when she plays the former?

MISS D. (Winchester).—"My boy objects to my wearing three-inch high heels." But you said you wouldn't lower yourself to please any man?

ORATOR (Kennington).—"I have spoken on some of the most popular public platforms in England." What sort of a hearing did you have at King's Cross?

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"Pictures which were sold for a song when they were painted are often worth thousands to-day." But what can any dealer want with so many songs?

MRS. H. (Swindon).—"I was on the point of giving her a piece of my mind, but I thought better of it." You realised it wouldn't have left very much for yourself?

T. R. (Ventnor).—"I try hard at outdoor sports but don't have much success. If I may be inquisitive, please tell me how *you* are getting on at golf?" Oh, fluently!

O. T. (Egham).—"After I'd helped him to mend his shed, he refused to lend me any ointment to put on some cuts I suffered while on the job." You got nothing for your pains?

W. N. (Margate).—"Is it true that there is a paper shortage in Germany?" There shouldn't be just now with all those leaflets about.

F. J. (Taunton).—"He suffers from a rare complaint of the eyes. Everything seems to be upside-down to him." He's not far wrong, either.

F. N. (Marple).—"At a time like this people should grow vegetables in their front gardens." Postmen would soon complain if they had to leap over marrows straying on the path.

M. J. (Histon).—"I am anxious to make an attempt to hike round the world. What is the first thing I should do?" Inform the wife that you won't be home to lunch

E. L. (Worthing).—"What powder causes the most violent explosion?" The sort a woman finds on her husband's jacket.

S. A. (Brixham).—"Everybody knows that charity covers a multitude of sins." And curiosity soon uncovers them again.

T. W. (Battle).—"One reads of man being very near to the animals, but what in the animal world approaches nearest to man?" The flea.

L. T. (Slough).—"I told my wife I was going to dismiss our chauffeur. He has nearly killed me twice." And she begged you to give him another chance?

D. A. (Charlton).—"I'm always well dressed. I've nothing but praise for my tailor." You're lucky if he's satisfied with that.

H. L. (Manningtree).—"Nowadays one never knows how a son is going to turn out." Nor when a daughter is going to turn in.

P. F. (Oldham).—"My girl friend's dad apparently thinks I'm a man of polish." Why, did he wipe the floor with you when you mentioned marrying his daughter?

ATHLETE (Sutton).—"Every morning, sharp at SIX, I scramble out of bed and jump straight into the bath." Don't you trouble to turn the water on?

DAVID (Shepherd's Bush).—"It comes hard when a fellow has to give up the girl he has been going with for years." See letter below.

DIANA (Shepherd's Bush).—"I told him point blank that he either had to give up his golf or give me up." See letter above.

MRS. D. (Southwick).—"When he comes to see us, he smokes the most dreadful-smelling cigars." Still, it's a good chance to test your gas masks.

S. B. (Barnes).—"Why are some women so keen on slimming?" To make other women look round.

NATURALIST (London, W.).—"There is one type of fish that washes its young." How does it dry them?

B. L. (Birmingham).—"Good men are scarce." And bad men often do their best to make themselves scarce.

R. N. (Boston).—"What will a good second-hand lorry fetch nowadays?" Anything you like to cram into it.

G. B. (Kelvedon).—"Once as a medical student I lived on salt fish for a week as an experiment in diet." You thirsted for knowledge.

BEN (Leeds).—"Alcohol, I find, is a great aid to oratory." On the other hand, it leaves some people absolutely speechless.

T. M. (Ely).—"How do some business men manage to get through their daily round these days?" Many of them don't; they give up after the first few holes.

F. L. (Frome).—"The most popular guest is the one who likes a drink but knows when to stop." We prefer one who likes a drink but knows when to go.

EVE (Horsham).—"I got a fright on my wedding day." Never mind. Men with homely features are often the most reliable.

S. L. (Wadhurst).—"A fakir on a visit to London claims that he does not feel pins sticking into him." The ideal laundry customer at last!

D. B. (Chilham).—"During the last fight I refereed I had to reprimand the two boxers for NOT trying." Perhaps they had signed a mutual non-aggression pact.

F. J. B. (Beaconsfield).—"I am anxious to appear before a large audience as a tenor vocalist." Such an ambition may easily bear fruit.

G. G. (Frant).—"The recruiting office people suggested that I should join the Navy, but I am not interested." You've seen the sea already?

S. S. (Esher).—"We had a birthday party the other night and my friend trembled with excitement when the radio gave war news." You should have put him to shaking cocktails.

S. B. (Bungay).—"I am glad to say I got my holidays over before Hitler started." We did not know Hitler was having a holiday.

R. M. (Sleaford).—"Have you heard about an idea by which any motor vehicle can be forced to come to a complete standstill?" Yes, they call it petrol rationing.

W. P. (Newport).—"The human race is as credulous as ever. People will believe anything." And yet, when we put up a "Wet Paint" notice, you should have seen the finger-marks on the paint the next day.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

WEEKLY ADVERTISER:—"... and even the dogs have ceased to wag their TAILS on finding the water supply cut off."

WEST LANCASHIRE EVENING GAZETTE:—"Among those on the bus who had narrow escapes were Mr. and Mrs. U. A—— who had been on a VISION to Morecambe."

THE SUNDAY POST:—"The couple were sitting in the back of the car, the man's HEAD was round the girl, whose head was on his chest."

EXETER EXPRESS AND ECHO:—"A man dying from wounds he had inflicted on himself unable to make his WHISKERS understood asked by dumb show for pencil and paper. ..."

DAILY RECORD:—"The DERISION of the court on this charge will be made known later."

BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"... who applied for a maintenance order in respect of herself and three children on the grounds of desertion. DESPONDENT did not appear."

WIGAN OBSERVER AND DISTRICT ADVERTISER:—"... offered for sale by SUCTION."

DAILY RECORD AND MAIL:—"A carter courageously tried to stop the animal as it ran along Albert Square, but he was chased for his PAINT."

GLOUCESTERSHIRE CITIZEN:—"When a passenger train was entering Coventry, the object was thrown from a MARRIAGE window."

NOTTINGHAM FREE PRESS:—"... for if they do they may get a chill on the LEVER, which is a vulnerable as well as important organ."

THE TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"I am now wondering whether he is suffering from LOTS of memory."

THE BULLETIN:—"He travelled in Herr Hitler's own new super AERODROME piloted by ..."

B. C. (Hendon).—"The rationing of petrol will affect me to a great extent." Have you a particularly large cigarette-lighter?

G. G. (Crewe).—"I take off my hat to you. You are a man." And, even if we were a woman, you'd do the same thing?

A. N. (Exeter).—"The day after I was married war broke out." Usually it isn't quite so quick as all that.

M. H. (Plumpton).—"I began business in a small way—on my brain, alone." Well, that's candid, anyway.

T. S. (Chester).—"Believe me, I know a thing or two." We believe you, but make up your mind—which is it?

A. A. G. (Bacup).—"My young nephew deliberately dropped some INK on a painting I had done of a local hill." A blot on the landscape, eh?

S. E. (Wembley).—"My girl has beautiful sparkling eyes." Then she may have to wear smoked glasses if she goes out after sunset.

MRS. T. K. (Worthing).—"What's worse than a husband who persistently drops cigarette ash on the carpets?" One who tramples it in as well.

DOCTOR (London, N.).—"It is unwise to lick a stamp." Couldn't you avoid this by assuming your gravest professional manner and demanding to see the post-office girl's tongue?

● *For thirty-three years the slogan, "Write to JOHN BULL about it," has been part of the English language and is known and quoted the world over. Why don't you "write to JOHN BULL about it" and relieve yourself of the responsibility of settling ANY problem? Our Service is free—all that you need send with your enquiry is a stamped addressed envelope.*

Letters should be addressed to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The replies given on this page deal with humorous letters from readers. They are for your entertainment.

£10 10s. free for 'Last Laughs'

Chase troubles away and win a useful cheque!

You must show no light at your windows these evenings—but every smile behind those dark curtains will help to win the war!

There are laughs on this page galore. When you've chuckled over the letters and our answers, we want *you* to try a "Last Laugh."

Fire off your wisecracks at the expense of R. J. C. (Clapham), who asks:—"*What can I tell my wife when I'm home late, now that the works close at 5.30 sharp?*"

Well, you tell him—in as brisk and bright and amusing an answer as you can think of. We shall award ten £1 1s. cash prizes for the best replies—and 100 other Awards for Runners-up.

There are no restrictions whatever on the way you reply—and only one condition in this Contest. Your entry, on a postcard or sheet of paper, *must* be enclosed with a *Bullets* No. 1,189 coupon from page 31, or a Crossword No. 170 coupon from page 28. Such coupons must bear correct entry-fee.

"Last Laughs" accepted only if so received—closing postmark, Saturday, September 30.

Making up your "Last Laughs" and preparing a *Bullets* or Crossword entry will give you an entertaining evening—look out for another fine "Last Laugh" opportunity next week!

"JOHN BULL" KEEPS *the* COMPETITION FLAG FLYING!

SPECIAL BULLETS "CARRY-ON" PRIZE OFFER

FIRST PRIZE £200

ENTER YOUR BULLETS AS USUAL

HOW TO WIN

His hobby paid him handsomely

Increased cash and useful new War Prizes are the *Bullets* attractions this week — and thanks to the convenient new stamp coupons, entering is easier than ever before.

This is the way to win. You simply take one of the *Examples* and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to form your *Bullet*.

For instance, last week's First Prize was won by a Chester clerk who took the *Example* TO MAKE BRITAIN GREAT; to this he added the words, NELSON FELL—APPEAL "STANDS," and thus produced a telling *Bullet*.

Mr. D Aspinall, 373, High Street, Connah's Quay, Chester, winner in his son's name of Gordon, made *Bullets* his hobby and has been heavily rewarded. Now is the moment to take up *Bullets* as *your* wartime hobby, beginning by posting an entry on or before Saturday, September 30.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

THANKS TO NEVILLE
STRONG WORDS
BRITANNIA'S FRIENDS
WAR IN THE AIR
THINKING IT OVER
RICH AND POOR
WITH TEARS IN HER EYES
WAR HERO
DOOR TO PEACE
WITH A SIGH OF RELIEF
PULLING TOGETHER
HITLERISM
HELPING THE ENEMY
COME ALONG, UNCLE SAM
TELL THE TRUTH AND
HISTORY OF MAN
BATTLING WITH LIFE
GRANDPA'S ON A.R.P., SO
SCRAPS OF PAPER
COMMANDEERED

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

LESSON FOR .....
..... HOUSE
PITY ..... WHEN
DAY OF .....
..... FOR THE PROFITEER
OFF TO .....

2ND PRIZE £20 | 3RD PRIZE £10 | 4TH PRIZE £5

10 PRIZES OF £2·10

IDEAL FOR YOUR DARKENED ROOMS

100 USEFUL ELECTRIC TORCHES

HUNDREDS OF OTHER PRIZES ALSO MUST BE WON

BE QUICK—ENTER on new STAMP or P.O. COUPONS BELOW!

If desired, entries may be submitted on plain paper

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____

No. 1,189 Closing postmark SAT., SEPT. 30.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....

1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP
For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.		For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.	

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

N.B. If desired, Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 22, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____

No. 1,189 Closing postmark SAT., SEPT. 30.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....

1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP
For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.		For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.	

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

RULES.—1. First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,189, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

ONE WEEK ONLY
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, SEPT. 30

'BULLETS' 1,186 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £300:

Mrs. STANSFIELD, 57, Rossett Avenue, Timperley, Cheshire.

Example: ON THE HOME FRONT
Bullet: "WAVERING NOTE" SPELLS DANGER.

(Entered on Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

Mrs. C. MARKS, 30, Exchange Street, Blackpool.

Example: British Lion
Bullet: Your "Tail Up" Helps.

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

J. R. MILLS, Rosemount of Gallange, Ceres, Cupar, Fife.

Example: Appeals To Hitler
Bullet: Failed—Next Appeal, Germany's!

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: G. HOTCHKIN, 15, Woodsley Avenue, Cleethorpes.
Angry Woman—Whose "Aim's" *Good*, Britannia.

£8: Mrs. R. LYNCH, M.Q.'s "A" 2, The Barracks, Canterbury, Kent.
One More Chance—And Remember, No "Versailles"!

£7: I. DIX, Brook House Farm, Madeley, Crewe, Ches.
Touch And Go—With Mankind, Without Humanity.

£6: H. T. RAWLINSON, 23, St. Margaret's Road, Tottenham, London, N.
What's In Store—Her "Windows" Show Me.

£5: T. H. GARDINER, 25, Jenkins Street, Bridgend, Glam.
Angry Woman—Wrecking Kitchen, Civilisation Resembles!

£4: S. THOMAS, 87, Camden Road, London, N.W.
On The Home Front—Emergency *Removes* Neighbours' "Masks."

£3: A. J. ASTON, Neston Road, Willaston, Wirral.
Bombshell For Wifey—Neighbours *Curtained* Their Shelter!

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

P. BYRNE, 19, Invicta Road, Margate, Kent.
Adversity's Depths—Thetis *Widows* "Lifted From"?

F. T. EVANS, 92, Newark Road, Luton, Beds.
Touch And Go—"Issue"? We'll "Come Out"!

R. FALCONER, 12, Winifred Street, Kirkcaldy.
Father's Friends—Push Dad—Bell—Off!

P. GEE, 4, Dargie Road, Sale, Manchester.
British Pluck—Needed—Village Band Recruiting!

F. H. GOODCHILD, 23, Church Lane, Hornsey, London, N.
Father's Friends—"Chorus"—And Also "Conductors"!

G. J. A. HILL, Chantry Bungalow, Chilton, Sudbury, Suffolk.
Father's Friends—"Served Together"—Every Night!

R. G. MALCOLM, 3, Sunnybank Road, Quinton, Birmingham.
Grandpa's Pension—From "Crown"—And To!

S. MORGAN, 166, Kimberley Road, Roath, Cardiff.
Adversity's Bombshells—Fizzle Out, "Hitting Hay."

Miss PYNE, Rose Cottage, Holbrook, nr. Ipswich.
Adversity's Sword—Escaped? Give Others "Armour"!

A. TAYLOR, 4, Heather Road, Newport, Mon.
Proud Of Her—Baby's *Weight*—Own *Slimness*.

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

£450 BONUS AWARD

In accordance with announcement, First Prize *Bullets* in Contests Nos. 1,182, 1,183, 1,184, 1,185 and 1,186 have been compared in merit and additional £450 has been awarded to Mr. W. L. Jones, St. Lucy's Lodge, Children's Hospital, Longford, Glos, the £300 First Prize-winner in *Bullets* No. 1,183.

ADVANCE "EXAMPLES" FOR "BULLETS" No. 1,190

NOT TO BE USED FOR THIS WEEK'S CONTEST.

Murderer Hitler—Face to Face—Made Germany
When It's All Over—Scattered—Lowering The
—For The Duration—Our Warden—"All
—In Berlin—Beginning Again—Latest
—We Say We're Civilised, Yet—Map of
—In Peril—Let's All Help And—Nothing
To Fear—For His Children—Father's Firm—
Sing "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

..... To Germany
Soldier's .....
Singing .....
..... For Mars
A Few .....
..... Woman

Keep Fit & Well and don't worry —

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they purify the blood, tone up the digestion and eliminate daily all food residue. So remember — take Bile Beans and be healthy, happy and fit.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Nightly

Bile Beans

BRAND PILLS

KEEP UP YOUR HEALTH & SPIRITS

F.14 J.B.L.90 77* B194 A355

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